THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTON, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Goe, little Booke! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblenesse and Chivalrie------
And, asked who thee forth did bring?
A shepeheard's swaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head------
And when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee. SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

EDINBURGH:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. VII.

CONTAINING HIS

SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR,	MOTH. HUBBERD'S TALE,
HYMNS,	PROTHALAMION,
VISIONS,	EPITHALAMION,

&c. &c. &c.

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Loe! I have made a Calendar for every yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance, shall outweare;
And if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continue till the world's dissolution——
Goe, little Calendar! thou hast a free passport;
Goe but a lowely gate amongst the meaner sort——
The better please, the worse displease; I aske no more.

SHEP. CAL. DEC.

EDINBURG:
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THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR:

CONTAINING

TWELVE ÆGLOGUES,

PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONTHS.

Entituled to the noble and vertuous gentleman, most worthy of all titles both of learning and chivalry,

MASTER PHILIP SIDNEY.

TO HIS BOOK.

Goe, little Booke! thy self present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblenesse and Chivalrie:
And if that Envy bark at thee,
As sure it will, for succour flee
Under the shadow of his wing.
And, asked who thee forth did bring?
A shepheard's swain say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head.
But if that any ask thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame,
Forthy there of thou takest shame.
And when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee. IMMERITO.

JANUARY.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA.

The Argument.

THIS Æglogue is a soliloquy of Colin Clout, by which name the Poet means himself, complaining of his unprosperous love of Rosaline, and comparing his condition to that of his wretched weather-beaten flock, and to the rigorous season of the year.

COLIN CLOUT.

A SHEPHERD'S boy, (no better do him call)
When winter's wastefull spight was almost spent,

All in a funfhine-day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had been long ypent:
So faint they wox, and feeble in the fold,
That now uneathes their feet could them uphold.

All as the fheep, fuch was the fhepherd's look,
For pale and wan he was, (alas the while!)
May feem he lov'd, or elfe fome care he took;
Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his ftile:
Tho to a hill his fainting flock he led,
And thus he plain'd, the while his fheep there fed:

" Ye Gods of love! that pity lovers pain,
(If any gods the pain of lovers pity)
Look from above, where you in joys remain,
And bow your ears unto my dolefull ditty.
And, Pan! thou fhepherd's god, that once did love,
Pity the pains that thou thyfelf didft prove.

Thou barren ground, whom winter's wrath hath wafted,
Art made a mirror to behold my plight;
Whylom thy frefh fpring flower'd, and after hafted
Thy fummer proud, with daffadillies dight,
And now is come thy winter's ftormy ftate,
Thy mantle marr'd wherein thou mafkedft late.

h rage as winter reigneth in my heart,
ly life-blood freezing with unkindly cold;
uch ftormy hours do breed my balefull fmart,
As if my years were wafte and oxen old;

And yet, alas! but now my ſpring begun,
And yet, alas! it is already done.

You naked trees, whoſe ſhady leaves are loſt,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bower,
And now are cloth'd with moſs and hoary froſt,
Inſtead of bloſms, wherewith your buds did flower,
I ſee your tears that from your boughs do rain,
Whoſe drops in drery iſicles remain.

Alſo my luſtfull leafe is dry and ſear,
My timely buds with wailing all are waſted;
The bloſſom which my branch of youth did bear,
With breathed ſighs is blown away and blaſted;
And from mine eyes the drizling tears deſcend,
As on your boughs the iſicles depend.

Thou feeble Flock! whoſe fleece is rough and rent,
Whoſe knees are weak through faſt and evil fare,
Maiſt witneſs well, by thy ill government,
Thy maſter's mind is overcome with care:
Thou weak, I wan; thou lean, I quite forlorn:
With mourning pine I; you with pining mourn.

A thouſand ſithes I curſe that careful hour
Wherein I long the neighbour town to ſee,
And eke ten thouſand ſithes I bleſs the ſtoure
Wherein I ſaw ſo fair a ſight as ſhe:
Yet all for naught: ſuch ſight hath bred my bane.
Ah, God! that love ſhould breed both joy and pain!

It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plain,
Albe my love he ſeek with daily ſuit;
His clowniſh gifts and courtſies I diſdain,
His kids, his cracknels, and his early fruit.
Ah, fooliſh Hobbinol! thy gifts been vain;
Colin them gives to Roſalind again.

I love thilk laſs, (alas! why do I love?)
And am forlorn, (alas! why am I lorn?)
She deigns not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rural muſick holdeth ſcorn.
Shepherd's device ſhe hateth as the ſnake,
And laughs the ſongs that Colin Clout doth make.

Wherefore my Pipe, albe rude Pan thou pleaſe,
Yet for thou pleaſeſt not where moſt I would,
And thou unlucky Muſe, that wontſt to eaſe
My muſing mind, yet canſt not when thou ſhould;
Both pipe and Muſe ſhall ſore the while abie."
So broke his oaten pipe, and down did lie.

By that the welked Phœbus 'gan avail
His weary wain, and now the froſty Night
Her mantle black through heaven 'gan over-hale;
Which ſeen, the penſive boy, half in deſpight,
Aroſe, and homeward drove his ſullen ſheep,
Whoſe hanging heads did ſeem his careful caſe to weep.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Anchora ſpeme.

FEBRUARY.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA.

The Argument.

CUDDY a young shepherd, inveighing against the season of the year, and comparing it to old age, which he treats with scorn, is reprov'd by Thenot, an old shepherd, who, to shew him his folly, relates a moral fable of an Oak and a Briar, but without curing the young shepherd's vanity. By Tityrus, mention'd in this Æglogue, and elsewhere in the Author's works, is meant Geoffry Chaucer, in imitation of whose stile and manner this Æglogue is written.

CUDDY. THENOT.

CUDDY.

Ah for pity! will rank winter's rage
These bitter blasts never 'gin t'asswage?
The keen cold blows through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride:
My ragged ronts all shiver and shake,
As done high towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wag their wriggle tails
Peark as a peacock; but now it avails.

THE. Leudly complainest, thou lazy lad,
Of winter's wrack for making thee sad?
Must not the world wend in his common course,
From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then return to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he live till the lusty prime?
Self have I worn out thrice thirty years,
So much joy, many in many tears,

Yet never complained of cold nor heat,
Of ſummer's flame, nor of winter's threat,
Ne never was to Fortune foe-man,
But gently took that ungently came;
And ever my flock was my chief care,
Winter or ſummer they mought well fare.

CUD. No marvel, Thenot, if thou can bear
Chearfully the winter's wrathful chear,
For age and winter accord full nigh,
This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wry;
And as the lowring weather looks down,
So ſeemeſt thou like Good-Friday to frown;
But my flowring youth is foe to froſt,
My ſhip unwont in ſtorms to be toſt.

THE The ſovereign of ſeas he blames in vain,
That once ſea-beat will to ſea again:
So loytring live you little heard-grooms,
Keeping your beaſts in the budded brooms;
And when the ſhining ſun laugheth once,
You deemen the ſpring is come at once:
Tho gin you, fond Flies! the cold to ſcorn,
And, crowing in pipes made of green corn,
You thinken to be lords of the year;
But eft when ye count you freed from fear,
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred brows,
Full of wrinkles and froſty furrows,
Drerily ſhooting his ſtormy dart,
Which cruddles the blood and pricks the heart:
Then is your carelefs courage accoyd,
Your careful herds with cold be annoyed:

Then pay you the price of your ſurquedry,
With weeping, and wailing, and miſery.
CUD. Ah, fooliſh old Man! I ſcorn thy ſkill,
That wouldſt me my ſpringing youth to ſpill;
I deem thy brain emperiſhed be
Through ruſty eld, that hath rotted thee;
Or ſiker thy head very totty is,
So on thy corb ſhoulder it leans amiſs.
Now thy ſelf hath loſt both lop and top,
Als my budding branch thou wouldeſt crop,
But were thy years green, as now been mine,
To other delights they would encline:
Tho wouldeſt thou learn to carol of love,
And hery with hymns thy laſſes glove;
Tho wouldeſt thou pipe of Phillis' praiſe,
But Phillis is mine for many days;
I wone her with a girdle of gelt,
Emboſt with bugle about the belt:
Such an one ſhepherds would make full fain;
Such an one would make thee young again.
THE. Thou art a fon, of thy love to boſt;
All that is lent to love will be loſt.
CUD. Seeſt how brag yond bullock bears,
So ſmirk, ſo ſmooth, his pricked ears?
His horns been as brade as rainbow bent,
His dewlap as lythe as laſs of Kent:
See how he venteth into the wind,
Weeneſt of love is not his mind?
Seemeth thy flock thy counſel can,
So luſtleſs been they, ſo weak, ſo wan;

Cloathed with cold, and hoary with froſt,
Thy flock's father his courage hath loſt.
Thy ewes, that wont to have blown blags,
Like wailful widdows hangen their crags;
The rather lambs been ſtarved with cold,
All for their maſter is luſtleſs and old.
THE. Cuddy, I wot thou kenſt little good,
So vainly to advance thy headleſs hood;
For youth is a bubble blown up with breath,
Whoſe wit is weakneſs, whoſe wage is death,
Whoſe way is wilderneſs, whoſe inn penaunce,
And ſtoop gallant age, the hoſt of grievaunce.
But ſhall I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of Tityrus in my youth,
Keeping his ſheep on the hills of Kent?
CUD. To nought more, Thenot, my mind is bent
Than to hear novels of his deviſe;
They been ſo well thewed, and ſo wiſe,
What ever that good old man beſpake.
THE. Many meet tales of youth did he make,
And ſome of love, and ſome of chivalry,
But none fitter than this to apply.
Now liſten a while and hearken the end.
"There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly Oak ſometime had it been,
With arms full ſtrong and lergely diſplay'd,
But of their leaves they were diſaray'd:
The body big, and mightily pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wondrous height;

Whylom had been the king of the field,
And mochel maſt to the huſband did yield,
And with his nuts larded many ſwine,
But now the gray moſs marred his rine,
His bared boughs were beaten with ſtorms,
His top was bald, and waſted with worms,
His honour decay'd, his braunches ſere.
  Hard by his ſide grew a bragging Breere,
Which proudly thruſt into th' element,
And ſeemed to threat the firmament:
It was embelliſht with bloſſoms fair,
And thereto aye wonted to repair
The ſhepherds' daughters to gather flowres,
To paint their garlands with his colowres,
And in his ſmall buſhes uſed to ſhroud
The ſweet nightingale ſinging ſo loud,
Which made this fooliſh Breere wex ſo bold,
That on a time he caſt him to ſcold,
And ſneb the good Oak, for he was old.
  Why ſtand'ſt there (quoth he) thou brutiſh block?
Nor for fruit nor for ſhadow ſerves thy ſtock;
Seeſt how freſh my flowers been ſpread,
Died in lilly white and crimſin red,
With leaves engrained in luſty green,
Colours meet to cleath a maiden queen?
Thy waſte bigneſs but cumbers the ground,
And dirks the beauty of my bloſſoms round:
The mouldy moſs, which thee accloyeth,
My cinamon ſmell too much annoyeth:

Wherefore ſoon I rede thee hence remove,
Leſt thou the price of my diſpleaſure prove.
So ſpake this bold Breere with great diſdain,
Little him anſwer'd the Oak again,
But yielded, with ſhame and grief adaw'd,
That of a weed he was over-craw'd.
It chaunced after upon a day,
The huſband-man's ſelf to come that way,
Of cuſtom to ſurview his ground,
And his trees of ſtate in compaſs round:
Him when the ſpightful Breere had eſpyed,
Cauſeleſs complained, and loudly cryed
Unto his lord, ſtirring up ſtern ſtrife:
O my liege Lord! the god of my life,
Pleaſeth you pond your ſuppliant's plaint,
Cauſed of wrong and cruel conſtraint,
Which I your poor vaſſal daily endure;
And but your goodneſs the ſame recure,
Am like for deſperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemy.
Greatly aghaſt with this piteous plea,
Him reſted the good man on the lea,
And bad the Breere in his plaint proceed.
With painted words tho gan this proud weed
(As moſt uſen ambitious folk)
His colour'd crime with craft to cloke.
Ah, my Sovereign! lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine own hand,
To be the primroſe of all thy land,

With flowring bloſſoms to furniſh the prime,
And ſcarlet berries in ſommer-time?
How falls it then that this faded Oak,
Whoſe body is ſere, whoſe branches broke,
Whoſe naked arms ſtretch unto the fire,
Unto ſuch tyranny doth aſpire,
Hindring with his ſhade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the ſweet ſun's ſight?
So beat his old boughs my tender ſide,
That oft the blood ſpringeth from woundes wide;
Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
That been the honour of your coronal;
And oft he lets his canker-worms light
Upon my branches, to work me more ſpight;
And oft his hoary locks down doth caſt,
Wherewith my freſh flowrets been defaſt:
For this, and many more ſuch outrage,
Craving your goodlyhead to aſſuage
The rancorus rigour of his might;
Nought aſk I, but only to hold my right,
Submitting me to your good ſufferaunce,
And praying to be garded from grievaunce.
 To this this Oak caſt him to reply
Well as he couth; but his enemy
Had kindled ſuch coles of diſpleaſure,
That the good man nould ſtay his leaſure,
But home him haſted with furious heat,
Encreaſing his wrath with many a threat;
His harmful hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas! that it ſo ready ſhould ſtand!)

And to the field alone he ſpeedeth,
(Aye little help to harm there needeth)
Anger nould let him ſpeak to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled be,
But to the root bent his ſturdy ſtroak,
And made many wounds in the waſte Oak.
The axe's edg did oft turn again,
As half unwilling to cut the grain,
Seemed the ſenſeleſs iron did fear,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear;
For it had been an antient tree,
Sacred with many a myſtery,
And often croſt with the prieſts' crew,
And often hallowed with holy-water dew;
But ſike fancies weren foolery,
And broughten this Oak to this miſery;
For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did lay.
The block oft groaned under his blow,
And ſighed to ſee his near overthrow.
In fine, the ſteel had pierced his pith,
Tho down to the ground he fell forthwith.
His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
Th' earth ſhrunk under him, and ſeem'd to ſhake:
There lieth the Oak, pitied of none.
  Now ſtands the Breere like a lord alone,
Puff'd up with pride and vain pleaſance;
But all this glee had no continuance:
For eftſoons winter 'gan to approach,
The bluſtering Boreas did encroach,

And beat upon the ſolitary Breere,
For now no ſuccour was ſeen him neere.
Now 'gan he repent his pride too late,
For naked left and diſconſolate,
The biting froſt nipt his ſtalk dead,
The watry wet weighed down his head,
And heaped ſnow burdned him ſo ſore,
That now upright he can ſtand no more;
And being down, is trode in the durt
Of cattel, and brouzed, and ſorely hurt.
Such was th'end of this ambitious Breere,
For ſcorning eld——"
 CUD. Now I pray thee, Shepherd, tell it not forth;
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So long have I liſtened to thy ſpeech,
That graffed to the ground is my breech;
My heart-blood is well nigh frorn I feel,
And my galage grown faſt to my heel;
But little eaſe of thy leud tale I taſted;
Hie thee home, Shepherd, the day is nigh waſted.

THENOT'S EMBLEM.

Iddio, perche é vecchio,
Fa ſuoi al ſuo eſſempio.

CUDDY'S EMBLEM.

Niuno vecchio,
Spaventa iddio.

MARCH.

ÆGLOGA TERTIA.

The Argument.

TWO ſhepherds take occaſion, from the approach of the ſpring, to diſcourſe of love, deſcrib'd here as a perſon. One of them relates a ſtory of his having diſcover'd him lately hid in a buſh, and of his being wounded by him.

WILLY. THOMALIN.

WILLY.

THOMALIN, why ſitten we ſo,
As weren overwent with woe,
Upon ſo fair a morrow?
The joyous time now nigheth faſt,
That ſhall alegg this bitter blaſt,
And ſlake the winter ſorrow.

THO. Siker, Willy, thou warneſt well,
For winter's wrath begins to quell,
And pleaſant ſpring appeareth;
The graſs now 'gins to be refreſht,
The ſwallow peeps out of her neſt,
And cloudy welkin cleareth.

WIL. Seeſt not thilk ſame hawthorn ſtud,
How bragly it begins to bud,
And utter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make ready Maia's bower,
That new is upriſt from bed:
Tho ſhall we ſporten in delight,
And learn with Lettice to wex light,

That ſcornfully looks aſkaunce;
Tho will we little love awake,
That now ſleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.
THO. Willy, I ween thou be a ſot,
For luſty Love ſtill ſleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.
WIL. How kenſt thou that he is awoke?
Or haſt thy ſelf his ſlumber broke?
Or made privy to the ſame?
THO. No: but happily I him ſpide,
Where in a buſh he did him hide,
With wings of purple and blue;
And were not that my ſheep would ſtray,
The privy marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knew.
WIL. Thomalin, have no care for-thy,
My ſelf will have a double eye,
Ylike to my flock and thine;
For, alas! at home I have a ſire,
A ſtepdame eke, as hot as fire,
That duly adays counts mine.
THO. Nay, but thy ſeeing will not ſerve,
My ſheep for that may chaunce to ſwerve,
And fall into ſome miſchief:
For ſithens is but the third morrow
That I chauncſt to fall aſleep with ſorrow,
And waked again with grief;
The while thilk ſame unhappy ewe,
Whoſe clouted leg her hurt doth ſhew,

Fell headlong into a dell,
And there unjointed both her bones:
Mought her neck been jointed attones,
She ſhould have need no more ſpell;
Th' elf was ſo wanton and ſo wood,
(But now I trow can better good)
She mought ne gang on the green.
WIL. Let be as may be that is paſt;
That is to come let be forecaſt:
Now tell us what thou haſt ſeen.
THO. It was upon a holy-day,
When ſhepherds grooms han leave to play
I caſt to go a ſhooting;
Long wandring up and down the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birds in buſhes tooting,
At length within the ivy tod,
(There ſhrouded was the little god)
I heard a buſie buſtling;
I bent my bolt againſt the buſh,
Liſtning if any thing did ruſh,
But then heard no more ruſtling.
Tho peeping cloſe into the thick,
Might ſee the moving of ſome quick,
Whoſe ſhape appeared not;
But were it fairy, fiend, or ſnake,
My courage earn'd it to awake,
And manfully thereat ſhot:
With that ſprang forth a naked ſwain,
With ſpotted wings like peacock's train,

And laughing lope to a tree;
His gilden quiver at his back,
And ſilver bow, which was but ſlack,
Which lightly he bent at me:
That ſeeing, I level'd again,
And ſhot at him with might and main,
As thick as it had hailed.
So long I ſhot, that all was ſpent,
Tho pumy ſtones I haſtily hent,
And threw, but nought availed:
He was ſo wimble and ſo wight,
From bough to bough he leaped light,
And oft the pumies latched:
Therewith afraid I ran away,
But he, that earſt ſeem'd but to play,
A ſhaft in earneſt ſnatched,
And hit me running in the heel;
For then I little ſmart did feel,
But ſoon it ſore increaſed,
And now it rankleth more and more,
And inwardly it feſtreth ſore,
Ne wote I how to ceaſe it.
WIL. Thomalin, I pity thy plight,
Perdy with Love thou diddeſt fight,
I know him by a token:
For once I heard my father ſay
How he him caught upon a day,
(Whereof he will be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net
Which he for carrion-crows had ſet

That in our pear-tree haunted;
Tho ſaid he was a winged lad,
But bow and ſhafts as then none had,
Elſe had he ſore be daunted.
But ſee, the welkin thicks apace,
And ſtooping Phœbus ſteeps his face:
It's time to haſte us homeward.

WILLY'S EMBLEM.

To be wiſe, and eke to love,
Is granted ſcarce to gods above.

THOMALIN'S EMBLEM.

Of honey and of gall in love there is ſtore;
The honey is much, but the gall is more.

APRIL.

ÆGLOGA QUARTA.

The Argument.

THE design of this Æglogue is to introduce a panegyrick, in the pastoral kind, on Queen Elizabeth: it begins with a complaint of Hobbinol (a shepherd mention'd in the first Æglogue) for Colin's neglect of his friendship for the sake of Rosalind, with whom he was fallen in love; and from the mentioning of Colin's skill in poetry, Hobbinol takes occasion to recite one of his songs or poems on Eliza, queen of shepherds.

THENOT. HOBBINOL.

THE.

TELL me, good Hobbinol, what gars thee greet?
What! hath some wolf thy tender lambs ytorn?
Or is thy bag-pipe broke, that sounds so sweet?
Or art thou of thy loved lass forlorn?
Or been thine eyes attempred to the year,
Quenching the gasping furrows thirst with rain?
Like April shower so stream the trickling tears
Adown thy cheek, to quench thy thirsty pain.
HOB. Nor this nor that so much doth make me mourn,
But for the lad whom long I lov'd so dearn
Now loves a lass that all his love doth scorn:
He, plung'd in pain, his tressed locks doth tear.
Shepherds delights he doth them all forswear;
His pleasant pipe, which makes us merriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His wonted songs, wherein he all out-went.
THE. What is he for a lad you so lament?

Is love ſuch pinching pain to them that prove?
And hath he ſkill to make ſo excellent,
Yet hath ſo little ſkill to bridle love?
HOB. Colin thou kenſt, the ſouthern ſhepherd's boy;
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly dart:
Whylom on him was all my care and joy,
Forcing with gifts to win his wanton heart.
But now from me his madding mind is ſtart,
And wooes the widdow's daughter of the glenne;
So now fair Roſalind hath bred his ſmart;
So now his friend is changed for a frenne.
THE. But if his ditties be ſo trimly dight,
I pray thee, Hobbinol, record ſome one,
The whiles our flocks do graze about in ſight,
And we cloſe ſhrouded in this ſhade alone.
HOB. Contented I: then will I ſing his lay
Of fair Eliza, queen of ſhepherds all,
Which once he made as by a ſpring he lay,
And tuned it unto the water's fall.

"Ye dainty Nymphs, that in this bleſſed brook
"Do bathe your breaſt,
"Forſake your watry bowers, and hither look
"At my requeſt.
"And eke you Virgins that on Parnaſſe dwell,
"Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
"Help me to blaze
"Her worthy praiſe,
"Which in her ſex doth all excel.

" Of fair Eliza be your ſilver ſong,
" That bleſſed wight,
" The flower of virgins; may ſhe flouriſh long
" In princely plight;
" For ſhe is Syrinx' daughter without ſpot,
" Which Pan, the ſhepherds' god, of her begot:
" So ſprung her grace
" Of heavenly race,
" No mortal blemiſh may her blot.

" See where ſhe ſits upon the graſſy green,
" (O ſeemly ſight!)
" Yclad in ſcarlet, like a maiden queen,
" And ermines white:
" Upon her head a cremoſin coronet,
" With damaſk roſes and daffadillies ſet;
" Bay-leaves between,
" And primroſes green,
" Embelliſh the ſweet violet.

" Tell me, have ye ſeen her angelike face,
" Like Phœbe fair?
" Her heavenly haviour, her princely grace,
" Can you well compare?
" The red roſe medled with the white yfere,
" In either cheek depeinten lively chear;
" Her modeſt eye,
" Her majeſty,
" Where have you ſeen the like but there?

" I ſaw Phœbus thruſt out his golden head,
" Upon her to gaze;
" But when he ſaw how broad her beams did ſpread,
" It did him amaze.
" He bluſht to ſee another ſun below,
" Ne durſt again his fiery face out-ſhow.
" Let him, if he dare,
" His brightneſs compare
" With her's, to have the overthrow.

" Shew thy ſelf, Cynthia, with thy ſilver rays,
" And be not abaſht:
" When ſhe the beams of her beauty diſplays,
" O how art thou daſht?
" But I will not match her with Latona's ſeed;
" Such folly great ſorrow to Niobe did breed.
" Now ſhe is a ſtone,
" And makes daily mone,
" Warning all other to take heed.

" Pan may be proud that ever he begot
" Such a bellibone,
" And Syrinx rejoice, that ever was her lot
" To bear ſuch an one.
" Soon as my younglings crying for the dam,
" To her will I offer a milk-white lamb:
" She is my goddeſs plain,
" And I her ſhepherd's ſwain,
" Albe forſwonk and forſwat I am.

"I ſee Calliope ſpeed her to the place
"Where my goddeſs ſhines,
"And after her the other Muſes trace
"With their violines.
"Been they not bay-branches which they do bear,
"All for Eliza in her hand to wear?
"So ſweetly they play,
"And ſing all the way,
"That it a heaven is to hear.

"Lo, how finely the Graces can it foot
"To the inſtrument:
"They dauncen deffly, and ſingen ſoote
"In their merriment.
"Wants not a fourth Grace to make the dance even?
"Let that room to my Lady be yeven.
"She ſhall be a Grace
"To fill the fourth place,
"And reign with the reſt in heaven.

"And whither renns this bevy of ladies bright,
"Ranged in a row?
"They been all Ladies of the Lake behight,
"That unto her go.
"Cloris, that is the chiefeſt nymph of all,
"Of olive branches bears a coronall:
"Olives been for peace,
"When wars do ſurceaſe:
"Such for a princeſs been principal.

"Ye ſhepherds' Daughters that dwell on the green,
"Hye you there apace:
"Let none come there but that virgins been,
"To adorn her grace:
"And when you come, whereas ſhe is in place,
"See that your rudeneſs do not you diſgrace:
"Bind your fillets faſt,
"And gird in your waſte,
"For more fineneſs, with a taudry lace.

"Bring hither the pink and purple cullumbine,
"With gylliflowers;
"Bring coronations, and ſops in wine,
"Worn of paramours:
"Strow me the ground with daffadowndillies,
"And cowſlips, and kingcups, and loved lillies:
"The pretty pawnce
"And the cheviſaunce
"Shall match with the fair flowre-delice.

"Now riſe up, Eliza, decked as thou art
"In royal ray;
"And now ye dainty damſels may depart
"Each one his way.
"I fear I have troubled your troops too long,
"Let Dame Eliza thank you for her ſong.
"And if you come heather
"When damſins I geather,
"I will part them all you among."

THE. And was thilk ſame ſong of Colin's own ma- [king?
Ah! fooliſh Boy! that is with love yblent;
Great pity is he be in ſuch taking,
For nought caren that been ſo leudly bent.
HOB. Siker I hold him for a greater fon
That loves the thing he cannot purchaſe.
But let us homeward, for night draweth on,
And twinkling ſtars the daylight hence chaſe.

THENOT'S EMBLEM.

O quam te memorem virgo!

HOBBINOL'S EMBLEM.

O Dea certe!

MAY.

ÆGLOGA QUINTA.

The Argument.

PALINODE, inviting Piers to join with the youths and ſhepherds in mirth, and the pleaſures of the ſeaſon, and in celebrating the feſtival of May, is reprov'd by him, and told that a life of vanity and luxury, while their flocks are neglected, does not become good ſhepherds. Piers deſcribes the paſtoral life, at firſt ſimple and frugal, without wealth, yet free from want and from vice, but corrupted afterwards by licentiouſneſs, and by the ambition of power and command, which expos'd both the ſhepherds and their flocks to be deſtroy'd by the wolves. And, to ſhew how dangerous it is to have any communication with bad company, he relates a fable of the Kid and her Dam.

This Æglogue is purely allegorical, and ſeems to be deſign'd as a moral leſſon on the life of Chriſtians, and particularly of the clergy, and on the difference between thoſe of the Reform'd and thoſe of the Romiſh perſuaſion; as appears further by a paſſage in the Seventh Æglogue, in which Palinode is again mentioned as giving an account of the lordly lives of the ſhepherds at Rome.

PALINODE. PIERS.

PALINODE.

Is not this the merry month of May,
When love-lads maſken in freſh array?
How falls it, then, we no merrier been,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy green?
Our blonket liveries been all too ſad
For thilk ſame ſeaſon, when all is yclad
With pleaſance; the ground with graſs, the woods
With green leaves, the buſhes with bloſſoming buds.

Youth's folk now flocked in every where,
To gather May-buſkets and ſmelling breere,
And home they haſten the poſts to dight,
And all the kirk-pillers e'er day-light,
With hawthorn buds and ſweet eglantine,
And girlonds of roſes, and ſops in wine.
Such merry-make holy ſaints doth queam,
But we here ſitten as drown'd in a dream.
  PIERS. For yonkers, Palinode, ſuch follies fit,
But we tway been men of elder wit.
  PAL. Siker this morrow, no longer ago,
I ſaw a ſhole of ſhepherds out-go,
With ſinging, and ſhouting, and jolly chear;
Before them yode a luſty tabrere,
That to the many a horn-pipe plaid,
Whereto they dauncen each one with his maid.
To ſee theſe folks make ſuch jouiſaunce,
Made my heart after the pipe to daunce:
Tho to the green wood they ſpeeden them all,
To fetchen home May with their muſical;
And home they bringen in a royal throne,
Crowned as king; and his queen attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fair flock of Fairies, and a freſh bend
Of lovely nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the ladies their May-buſh bear!)
Ah! Piers, been not thy teeth on edge, to think
How great ſport they gainen with little ſwink?
  PIERS. Perdy, ſo far am I from envy,
That their fondneſs inly I pity:

Thoſe faitours little regarden their charge,
While they, letting their ſheep run at large,
Paſſen their time, that ſhould be ſparely ſpent,
In luſtihed and wanton merriment.
Thilk ſame been ſhepherds for the divel's ſted,
That playen while their flocks be unfed:
Well it is ſeen their ſheep be not their own,
That letten them run at random alone:
But they been hired for little pay,
Of other that caren as little as they
What fallen the flock, ſo they han the fleece,
And get all the gain, paying but a piece.
I muſe what account both thoſe will make,
The one for the hire which he doth take,
And th'other for leaving his Lord's taſk,
When great Pan account of ſhepherds ſhall aſk.
PAL. Siker now I ſee thou ſpeakeſt of ſpight,
All for thou lackeſt ſome dele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be envied,
All were it of my foe, that fonly pitied;
And yet, if need were, pitied would be,
Rather than other ſhould ſcorn at me;
For pitied is miſhap that has remedy,
But ſcorned been deeds of fond foolery.
What ſhoulden ſhepherds other things tend,
Than ſith their God his good does them ſend,
Reapen the fruit thereof, that is pleaſure,
The while they here liven at eaſe and leiſure?
For when they been dead their good is ygo,
They ſleepen in reſt, well as other moe;

Tho with them wends what they ſpent in coſt,
But what they left behind them is loſt.
Good is no good but if it be ſpend;
God giveth good for none other end.
PIERS. Ah! Palinode, thou art a world's child:
Who touches pitch, mote needs be defil'd.
But ſhepherds (as Algrind uſed to ſay)
Mought not live ylike as men of the lay.
With them it fits to care for their heir,
Enaunter their heritage do impair:
They muſt provide for means of maintenance,
And to continue their wont countenance:
But ſhepherd muſt walk another way,
Sike worldly ſovenance he muſt for-ſay.
The ſon of his loins why ſhould he regard,
To leave enriched with that he hath ſpar'd?
Should not thilk God that gave him that good
Eke cheriſh his child, if in his ways he ſtood?
For if he miſlive in lewdneſs and luſt,
Little boots all the wealth and the truſt
That his father left by inheritance;
All will be ſoon waſted with miſgovernance:
But through this, and other their miſcreance,
They maken many a wrong chevisſance,
Heaping up waves of wealth and woe,
The floods whereof ſhall them overflow.
Sike mens folly I cannot compare
Better than to the ape's fooliſh care,
That is ſo enamoured of her young one,
(And yet, God wote, ſuch cauſe hath ſhe none)

That with her hard hold and ſtraight embracing,
She ſtoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So oftentimes, whenas good is ment,
Evil enſueth of wrong intent.
 The time was once, and may again retorn,
(For ought may happen that hath been beforn)
When ſhepherds had none inheritance,
Ne of land nor fee in ſufferance,
But what might ariſe of the bare ſheep,
(Were it more or leſs) which they did keep.
Well I wis was it with ſhepherds tho,
Nought having, nought feared they to forgo,
For Pan himſelf was their inheritance,
And little them ſerved for their maintenance.
The ſhepherd's God ſo well them guided,
That of nought they were unprovided;
Butter enough, honey, milk, and whey,
And their flocks' fleeces them to array,
But tract of time, and long proſperity,
(That nource of vice, this of inſolency)
Lulled the ſhepherds in ſuch ſecurity,
That not content with loyal obeyſance,
Some gan to gape for greedy governance,
And match themſelves with mighty potentates,
Lovers of lordſhips, and troublers of ſtates,
Tho 'gan ſhepherds ſwains to look aloft,
And leave to live hard, and learn to lig ſoft:
Tho under colour of ſhepherds, ſome-while
There crept in wolves, full of fraud and guile,

That often devoured their own ſheep,
And often the ſhepherd that did hem keep:
This was the firſt ſourſe of ſhepherds ſorrow,
That now nill be quit with bale nor borrow.
PAL. Three things to bear been very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbear is outrageous:
Women that of love's longing once luſt,
Hardly forbearen, but have it they muſt:
So when choler is enflamed with rage,
Wanting revenge is hard to aſſuage:
And who can counſel a thirſty ſoul,
With patience to forbear the offer'd boul?
But of all burdens that a man can bear,
Moſt is a fool's talk to bear and to hear.
I ween the giant has not ſuch a weight,
That bears on his ſhoulders the heaven's height.
Thou findeſt fault where nys to be found,
And buildeſt ſtrong wark upon a weak ground:
Thou raileſt on right without reaſon,
And blameſt hem much for ſmall encheaſon.
How woulden ſhepherds live if not ſo?
What, ſhould they pinen in pain and woe?
Nay, ſay I thereto, by my dear borrow,
If I may reſt, I nill live in ſorrow.
Sorrow ne need to be haſtened on,
For he will come without calling anon.
While times enduren of tranquillity,
Uſen we freely our felicity;
For when approachen the ſtormy ſtowers, [ſhowres;
We mought with our ſhoulders bear off the ſharp

And ſooth to ſain, nought ſeemeth like ſtrife,
That ſhepherds ſo twiten each other's life,
And layen their faults the worlds beforn,
The while their foes done each of hem ſcorn.
Let none miſlike of that may not be amended;
So conteck ſoon by concord mought be ended.

PIERS. Shepherd, I liſt no accordance make
With a ſhepherd, that does the right way forſake,
And of the twain, if choice were to me,
Had lever my foe than my friend he be;
For what concord han light and dark ſam?
Or what peace has the lion with the lamb?
Such faitours, when their falſe hearts been hid,
Will do as did the fox by the kid.

PAL. Now, Piers, of fellowſhip tell us that ſaying;
For the lad can keep both our flocks from ſtraying.

PIERS. " Thilk ſame Kid (as I can well deviſe)
Was too very fooliſh and unwiſe;
For on a time, in ſommer ſeaſon,
The Goat her dam, that had good reaſon,
Yode forth abroad unto the green wood,
To browze, or play, or what ſhe thought good;
But, for ſhe had a motherly care
Of her young ſon, and wit to beware,
She ſet her youngling before her knee,
That was both freſh and lovely to ſee,
And full of favour as Kid mought be.
His velvet head began to ſhoot out,
And his wreathed horns 'gan newly ſprout;

The bloſſoms of luſt to bud did begin,
And ſprung forth rankly under his chin.
"My Son, (quoth ſhe) and with that 'gan weep,
(For careful thoughts in her heart did creep)
"God bleſs thee, poor Orphan! as he mought me,
"And ſend thee joy of thy jollity.
"Thy father, (that word ſhe ſpake with pain,
For a ſigh had nigh rent her heart in twain)
"Thy father, had he lived this day,
"To ſee the branches of his body diſplay,
"How would he have joyed at this ſweet ſight?
"But ah! falſe Fortune ſuch joy did him ſpight,
"And cut off his days with untimely woe,
"Betraying him unto the trains of his foe.
"Now I, a wailful widow behight,
"Of my old age have this one delight,
"To ſee thee ſucceed in thy father's ſtead,
"And flouriſh in flowers of luſtihead;
"For even ſo thy father his head upheld,
"And ſo his haughty horns did he weld."
  Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throb from her heart did ariſe,
And interrupted all her other ſpeech,
With ſome old ſorrow that made a new breach:
Seemed ſhe ſaw in her youngling's face
The old lineaments of his father's grace.
At laſt her ſullen ſilence ſhe broke,
And 'gan his new-budded beard to ſtroke.
"Kiddy, (quoth ſhe) thou kenſt the great care
"I have of thy health and thy welfare,

“ Which many wild beaſts liggen in wait
“ For to entrap in thy tender ſtate;
“ But moſt the Fox, maiſter of colluſion,
“ For he has vowed thy laſt confuſion.
“ For-thy, my Kiddy, be ruled by me,
“ And never give truſt to his treacheree;
“ And if he chance come when I am abroad,
“ Spar the yate faſt, for fear of fraud;
“ Ne for all his worſt, nor for his beſt,
“ Open the door at his requeſt.”
So ſchooled the goat her wanton ſon,
That anſwered his mother, All ſhould be done.
Tho went the penſive dame out of door,
And chanc'd to ſtumble at the threſhold-floor;
Her ſtumbling ſtep ſomewhat her amazed,
(For ſuch as ſigns of ill luck been diſpraiſed)
Yet forth ſhe yode, thereat half aghaſt,
And Kiddy the door ſparred after her faſt.
It was not long after ſhe was gone,
But the falſe Fox came to the door anone;
Not as a fox, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poor pedlar he did wend,
Bearing a truſs of trifles at his back,
As bells, and babies, and glaſſes, in his pack;
A biggen he had got about his brain,
For in his head-piece he felt a ſore pain;
His hinder heel was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the gout:
There at the door he caſt me down his pack,
And laid him down, and groaned, alack! alack!

Ah! dear Lord! and ſweet Saint Charity,
That ſome good body would once pity me.
Well heard Kiddy all this ſore conſtraint,
And leng'd to know the cauſe of his complaint;
Tho creeping cloſe behind the wicket's clink,
Privily he peeped out through a chink,
Yet not ſo privily but the Fox him ſpied,
For deceitful meaning is double-eyed.
"Ah! good young Maiſter (then 'gan he cry)
"Jeſus bleſs that ſweet face I eſpy,
"And keep your corps from the careful ſtounds
"That in my carrion carcaſs abounds."
The Kid, pitying his heavineſs,
Aſked the cauſe of his great diſtreſs,
And alſo who, and whence that he were?
Tho he, that had well ycond his lear,
Thus medled his talk with many a tear:
"Sick, ſick, alas! a little lack of dead,
"But I be relieved by your beaſtly-head.
"I am a poor ſheep, albe my colour dun,
"For with longer travel I am brent in the ſun;
"And if that my grandſire me ſaid be true,
"Siker I am very ſybbe to you,
"So be your goodlihead do not diſdain
"The baſe kinred of ſo ſimple ſwain.
"Of mercy and favour then I you pray,
"With your aid to foreſtall my near decay."
Tho out of his pack a glaſs he took,
Wherein while Kiddy unwares did look,

He was ſo enamoured with the newel,
That nought he deemed dear for the jewel;
Tho opened he the door, and in came
The falſe Fox, as he were ſtark lame:
His tail he clapt betwixt his legs twain,
Leſt he ſhould be deſcryed by his train.
  Being within, the Kid made him good glee,
All for the love of the glaſs he did ſee.
After his chear, the pedlar 'gan chat,
And tell many leaſings of this and that,
And how he could ſhew many a fine knack,
Tho ſhewed his ware, and opened his pack,
All ſave a bell, which he left behind
In the baſket, for the Kid to find;
Which when he ſtooped down to catch,
He popt him in, and his baſket did latch;
Ne ſtayed he once the door to make faſt,
But ran away with him in all haſte.
  Home when the doubtful dame had her hide,
She mought ſee the door ſtand open wide.
All aghaſt, loudly ſhe 'gan to call
Her Kid, but he nould anſwer at all:
Tho on the floor ſhe ſaw the merchandiſe
Of which her ſon had ſet too dear a price.
What help! her Kid ſhe knew well is gone;
She weeped, and wailed, and made great moan.
Such end had the Kid, for he nould warned be
Of craft coloured with ſimplicity,
And ſuch end, perdy, does all hem remain,
That of ſuch falſers' friendſhip been fain.

PAL. Truly, Piers, thou art beſide thy wit,
Furtheſt fro the mark, weening it to hit.
Now, I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow
For our Sir John, to ſay to-morrow
At the kirk, when it is holiday,
For well he means, but little can ſay.
But and if foxes been ſo crafty as ſo,
Much needeth all ſhepherds hem to know.

PIERS. Of their falſhood more could I recount,
But now the bright ſun 'ginneth to diſmount;
And for the dewy night now draw'th nigh,
I hold it beſt for us home to hie.

PALINODE'S EMBLEM.

Pas men apiſtos apiſtei.

PIERS'S EMBLEM.

Tis d' ara piſtis apiſto.

JUNE.

ÆGLOGA SEXTA.

The Argument.

HOBBINOL, from a deſcription of the pleaſures of the place, excites Colin to the enjoyment of them. Colin declares himſelf incapable of delight, by reaſon of his ill ſucceſs in love, and his loſs of Roſalind, who had treacherouſly forſaken him for Menalcas, another ſhepherd. By Tityrus (mentioned before in the Second Æglogue, and again in the Twelfth) is plainly meant Chaucer, whom the Author ſometimes profeſſed to imitate. In the perſon of Colin, as before, is repreſented the Author himſelf; and Hobbinol's inviting him to leave the hilly country, ſeems to allude to his leaving the North, where, as is mentioned in his Life, he had for ſome time reſided.

HOBBINOL. COLIN.

HOBBINOL.

Lo! Colin, here the place whoſe pleaſant ſight
From other ſhades hath wean'd my wandring mind,
Tell me what wants me here to work delight?
The ſimple air, the gentle warbling wind,
So calm, ſo cool, as no where elſe I find;
The graſſy ground with dainty daiſies dight,
The bramble buſh, where birds of every kind
To th' water's fall their tunes attemper right.

COL. O! happy Hobbinol, I bleſs thy ſtate,
That Paradiſe haſt found which Adam loſt:
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withouten dread of wolves to been ytoſt;
Thy lovely lays here mayſt thou freely boaſt:
But I, unhappy Man! whom cruel Fate
And angry gods purſue from coaſt to coaſt,
Can no where find to ſhroud my luckleſs pate.

HOB. Then if by me then liſt adviſed be,
Forſake the ſoil that ſo doth thee bewitch;
Leave me thoſe hills where harbrough nis to ſee,
Nor holly-buſh, nor brere, nor winding ditch,
And to the dales reſort, where ſhepherds rich,
And fruitful flocks, been every where to ſee:
Here no night-ravens lodge, more black than pitch,
Nor elviſh ghoſts, nor ghaſtly owls do flee,

But friendly Fairies, met with many Graces,
And lightfoot Nymphs, can chace the lingring Night
With heydeguies and trimly trodden traces,
Whilſt Siſters Nine, which dwell on Parnaſs' hight,
Do make them muſick for their mere delight;
And Pan himſelf to kiſs their cryſtal faces
Will pipe and daunce, when Phœbe ſhineth bright:
Such peerleſs pleaſures have we in theſe places.

COL. And I, whilſt youth and courſe of careleſs years
Did let me walk withouten links of love,
In ſuch delights did joy amongſt my peers,
But riper age ſuch pleaſures doth reprove;
My fancy eke from former follies move
To ſtayed ſteps; for time in paſſing wears
(As garments doen, which wexen old above)
And draweth new delights with hoary hairs.

Tho couth I ſing of love, and tune my pipe
Unto my plaintive pleas in verſes made;
Tho would I ſeek for queen-apples unripe,
To give my Roſalind, and in ſommer ſhade

Dight gawdy girlonds was my common trade,
To crown her golden locks; but years more ripe,
And loſs of her, whoſe love as life I wayde,
Thoſe weary wanton toys away did wipe.

HOB. Colin, to hear thy rimes and roundelays,
Which thou wert wont on waſteful hills to ſing,
I more delight then lark in ſommer days,
Whoſe eccho made the neighbour groves to ring,
And taught the birds, which in the lower ſpring
Did ſhroud in ſhady leaves from ſunny rays,
Frame to thy ſong their cheerful cheriping,
Or hold their peace, for ſhame of thy ſweet lays.

I ſaw Calliope with Muſes moe,
Soon as thy oaten pipe began to ſound,
Their ivory lutes and tamburins forgo,
And from the fountain where they ſate around
Ren after haſtily thy ſilver ſound;
But when they came where thou thy ſkill didſt ſhow,
They drew aback, as half with ſhame confound
Shepherd to ſee them in their art out-go.

COL. Of Muſes, Hobbinol, I con no ſkill,
For they been daughters of the higheſt Jove,
And holden ſcorn of homely ſhepherds' quill;
For ſith I heard that Pan with Phœbus ſtrove,
Which him to much rebuke and danger drove,
I never liſt preſume to Parnaſs' hill,
But piping low in ſhade of lowly grove,
I play to pleaſe my ſelf, albeit ill.

Nought weigh I who my ſong doth praiſe or blame,
Ne ſtrive to win renown, or paſs the reſt:
With ſhepherd fits not follow flying Fame,
But feed his flock in fields where falls him beſt.
I wote my rimes been rough, and rudely dreſt;
The fitter they my careful caſe to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my unreſt,
And pour my piteous plaints out in the ſame.

The god of ſhepherds, Tityrus, is dead,
Who taught me homely as I can to make;
He, whilſt he lived, was the ſovereign head
Of ſhepherds all that been with love ytake:
Well couth he wail his woes, and lightly ſlake
The flames which love within his heart had bred,
And tell us merry tales to keep us wake,
The while our ſheep about us ſafely fed.

Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in lead,
(O why ſhould Death on him ſuch outrage ſhow!)
And all his paſſing ſkill with him is fled,
The fame whereof doth daily greater grow.
But if on me ſome little drops would flow
Of that the ſpring was in his learned hed,
I ſoon would learn theſe woods to wail my woe,
And teach the trees their trickling tears to ſhed.

Then ſhould my plaints, caus'd of diſcourteſee,
As meſſengers of this my painful plight,

Fly to my love wherever that ſhe be,
And pierce her heart with point of worthy wight,
As ſhe deſerves, that wrought ſo deadly ſpight.
And thou, Menalcas! that by treachery
Didſt underfong my laſs to wax ſo light,
Should'ſt well be known for ſuch thy villany.

But ſince I am not as I wiſh I were,
Ye gentle Shepherds! which your flocks do feed,
Whether on hills, or dales, or other where,
Bear witneſs all of this ſo wicked deed,
And tell the laſs, whoſe flowre is woxe a weed,
And faultleſs faith is turn'd to faithleſs fear,
That ſhe the trueſt ſhepherd's heart made bleed,
That lives on earth, and loved her moſt dear.

HOB. O! careful Colin, I lament thy caſe,
Thy tears would make the hardeſt flint to flow!
Ah! faithleſs Roſalind, and void of grace,
That are the root of all this rueful woe!
But now is time, I gueſs, homeward to go:
Then riſe, ye bleſſed Flocks! and home apace,
Leſt night with ſtealing ſteps do you foreſlo,
And wet your tender lambs that by you trace.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Gia ſpeme ſpenta.

JULY.

ÆGLOGA SEPTIMA.

The Argument.

MORREL, a goat-herd, calls to Thomalin, a ſhepherd, to come up to him on the hilly ground where he is ſitting. Thomalin gives his reaſons why he prefers the lower ſtation. The moral of this Æglogue is to reprove ambition in ſhepherds, and ſeems more particularly level'd againſt the pomp and dominion of the Romiſh clergy.

THOMALIN. MORREL.

THOMALIN.

Is not thilk ſame a goat-herd proud,
That ſits on yonder bank,
Whoſe ſtraying herd themſelf doth ſhroud
Emong the buſhes rank?
MOR. What, ho, thou jolly ſhepherd's ſwain,
Come up the hill to me;
Better is than the lowly plain,
Als for thy flock and thee.
THOM. Ah! God ſhield, Man, that I ſhould clime,
And learn to look aloft;
This read is rife, that oftentime
Great climbers fall unſoft.
In humble dales is footing faſt,
The trode is not ſo tickle,
And though one fall through heedleſs haſte,
Yet is his miſs not mickle.
And now the ſun hath reared up
His fiery-footed teme,
Making his way between the Cup
And golden Diademe;

The rampant Lion hunts he faſt,
With dogs of noiſom breath,
Whoſe baleful barking brings in haſte,
Pine, plagues, and drery death.
Againſt his cruel ſcorching heat,
Where thou haſt coverture,
The waſteful hills unto his threat
Is a plain overture:
But if thee luſt to holden chat
With ſeely ſhepherd's ſwain,
Come down and learn the little what
That Thomalin can ſain.
MOR. Siker thous but a laſy loord,
And rekes much of thy ſwink,
That with fond terms and witleſs words
To blear mine eyes doſt think.
In evil hour thou henſt in hond
Thus holy hills to blame,
For ſacred unto ſaints they ſtond,
And of them han their name.
St. Michel's Mount who does not know,
That wards the weſtern coaſt?
And of St. Bridget's Bow'r I trow
All Kent can rightly boaſt:
And they that con of Muſes' ſkill
Fain moſt-what, that they dwell
(As goat-herds wont) upon a hill,
Beſide a learned well.

And wonned not the great god Pan
Upon Mount Olivet,
Feeding the bleſſed flock of Dan,
Which did himſelf beget?
THOM. O bleſſed Sheep! O Shepherd great!
That bought his flock ſo dear,
And them did ſave with bloody ſweat
From wolves that would them tear.
MOR. Beſide, as holy Fathers ſain,
There is a holy place
Where Titan riſeth from the main
To ren his daily race,
Upon whoſe tops the ſtars been ſtaied,
And all the ſky doth lean,
There is the cave where Phœbe laied
The ſhepherd long to dream.
Whilóm there uſed ſhepherds all
To feed their flocks at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
That all the reſt did ſpill.
And ſithence ſhepherds been foreſaid
From places of delight,
For-thy I ween thou be afraid
To clime this hilles hight.
Of Synah can I tell thee more,
And of our Lady's Bow'r;
But little needs to ſtrow my ſtore,
Suffice this hill of our.

Here han the holy Faunes recourſe,
And Sylvanes haunten rathe;
Here has the ſalt Medway his ſourſe,
Wherein the Nymphs do bathe;
The ſalt Medway, that trickling ſtreams
Adown the dales of Kent,
Till with his elder brother Thames
His brakiſh waves be meynt.
Here grows melampode every where,
And teribinth, good for goats,
The one my madding kids to ſmear,
The next to heal their throats.
Hereto the hills been nigher heaven,
And thence the paſſage eath,
As well can prove the piercing levin,
That ſeldom falls beneath.

THOM. Siker thou ſpeakeſt like a lewd lorel,
Of heaven to deemen ſo;
How be I am but rude and borrel,
Yet nearer ways I know.
To kirk the nar, to God more far,
Has been an old ſaid ſaw;
And he that ſtrives to touch a ſtar,
Oft ſtumbles at a ſtraw.
Alſoon may ſhepherds clime to ſky
That leads in lowly dales,
As goat-herd proud, that ſitting high,
Upon the mountain ſails.

My ſeely ſheep like well below,
They need not melampode,
For they been hale enough, I trow,
And liken their abode;
But if they with thy goats ſhould yede,
They ſoon might be corrupted,
Or like not of the frowy fede,
Or with the weeds be glutted.
The hills where dwelled holy ſaints,
I reverence and adore,
Not for themſelf, but for the ſaints
Which han been dead of yore.
And now they been to heaven forewent,
Their good is with them go;
Their ſample only to us lent,
That als we mought do ſo.
Shepherds they weren of the beſt,
And lived in lowly leas,
And ſith their ſouls be now at reſt,
Why done we them diſeaſe?
Such one he was (as I have heard
Old Algrind often ſain)
That whilom was the firſt ſhepherd,
And liv'd with little gain:
And meek he was, as meek mought be,
Simple as ſimple ſheep;
Humble, and like in each degree
The flock which he did keep.

Often he uſed of his keep
A ſacrifice to bring,
Now with a kid, now with a ſheep,
The altars hallowing.
So louted he unto the Lord,
Such favour couth he find,
That never ſithence was abhor'd
The ſimple ſhepherds kind.
And ſuch I ween the brethren were
That came from Canaan,
The brethren Twelve, that kept yfere
The flocks of mighty Pan.
But nothing ſuch thilk ſhepherd was
Whom Ida hill did bear,
That left his flock to fetch a laſs,
Whoſe love he bought too dear:
For he was proud, that ill was paid,
(No ſuch mought ſhepherds be)
And with leud luſt was over-laid;
Tway things doen ill agree.
But ſhepherds mought be meek and mild,
Well eyed, as Argus was,
With fleſhly follies undefil'd,
And ſtout as ſteed of braſs.
Sike one (ſaid Algrind) Moſes was,
That ſaw his Maker's face,
His face, more clear than cryſtal glaſs,
And ſpake to him in place.

This had a brother (his name I know)
The firſt of all his coat,
A ſhepherd true, yet not ſo true
As he that earſt I hote.
Whilom all theſe were low and leef,
And lov'd their flocks to feed,
They never ſtroven to be chief,
And ſimple was their weed:
But now (thanked be God therefore)
The world is well amend,
Their weeds been not ſo nighly wore,
Such ſimpleſs mought them ſhend.
They been yclad in purple and pall,
So hath their God them bliſt,
They reign and rulen over all,
And lord it as they liſt.
Ygirt with belts of glitterand gold,
(Mought they good ſhepherds been)
Their Pan their ſheep to them has ſold,
I ſay as ſome have ſeen.
For Palinode (if thou him ken)
Yode late on pilgrimage
To Rome (if ſuch be Rome) and then
He ſaw thilk miſuſage;
For ſhepherds (ſaid he) there doen leap
As lords done otherwhere;
Their ſheep han cruſts, and they the bread;
The chips, and they the chear:

They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O seely sheep the while!)
The corn is theirs, let others thresh,
Their hands they may not file.
They han great store and thrifty flocks,
Great friends and feeble foes,
What need hem caren for their flocks,
Their boys can look to those?
These wizards welter in wealth's waves,
Pamper'd in pleasures deep;
They han fat kerns and leany knaves,
Their fasting flocks to keep.
Sike mister men been all misgone,
They heapen hills of wrath;
Sike sirly shepherds han we none,
They keepen all the path.

MOR. Here is a great deal of good matter
Lost for lack of telling;
Now siker I see thou dost but clatter,
Harm may come of melling.
Thou meddlest more than shall have thank
To witen shepherd's wealth;
When folk been fat, and riches rank,
It is a sign of health.
But say me, what is Algrind, he
That is so oft bynempt?

THOM. He is a shepherd great in gree,
But hath been long ypent;

One day he ſate upon a hill,
(As now thou wouldeſt me,
But I am taught by Algrind's ill
To love the low degree)
For ſitting ſo with bared ſcalp,
An eagle ſoared high,
That weening his white head was chalk,
A ſhell-fiſh down let fly:
She ween'd the ſhell-fiſh to have broke,
But therewith bruis'd his brain;
So now aſtonied with the ſtroke,
He lies in lingering pain.
MOR. Ah! good Algrind! his hap was ill,
But ſhall be better in time.
Now farewel, Shepherd, ſith this hill
Thou haſt ſuch doubt to clime.

PALINODE'S EMBLEM.

In medio virtus.

MORREL'S EMBLEM.

In ſummo felicitas.

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA.

The Argument.

TWO ſhepherds, Perigot and Willy, contend for a prize in verſe. Perigot relates, in a ſong, the manner of his falling in love; Willy bears his part, in a kind of repartee or under-ſong. Cuddy, who was judge between them, having prais'd them both, repeats a kind of roundelay of deſpair, made by Colin on Roſalind; in which the reader may obſerve that, inſtead of rhyme, the art of the verſe conſiſts in the regular changes on the ſix words which are at the cloſe of the firſt ſix lines.

WILLY. PERIGOT. CUDDY.

WILLY.

Tell me, Perigot, what ſhall be the game
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy muſick match?
Or been thy bagpipes ren far out of frame?
Or hath the cramp thy joints benumb'd with ach?
PER. Ah! Willy, when the heart is ill aſſay'd,
How can bagpipe or joints be well apay'd?
WIL. What the foul evil hath thee ſo beſtad?
Whylom thou waſt peregal to the beſt,
And wont to make the jolly ſhepherds glad,
With piping and dancing didſt paſs the reſt.
PER. Ah! Willy, now I have learn'd a new dance;
My old muſick marr'd by a new miſchance.
WIL. Miſchief mought to that miſchance befall,
That ſo hath raft us of our merriment;
But read me what pain doth thee ſo appall?
Or loveſt thou, or been thy yonglings miſwent?
PER. Love hath miſled both my yonglings and me;
I pine for pain, and they my plaint to ſee.

WIL. Perdy, and weal away! ill may they thrive;
Never knew I lovers' ſheep in good plight:
But and if rimes with me thou dare ſtrive,
Such fond fantaſies ſhall ſoon be put to flight.
PER. That ſhall I do, though mouchel worſe I fard:
Never ſhall be ſaid that Perigot was dar'd.
WIL. Then lo, Perigot, the pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the maple ware,
Wherein is enchaced many a fair ſight
Of bears and tygers, that maken fierce war,
And over them ſpred a goodly wild vine,
Entrail'd with a wanton ivy twine.

Thereby is a lamb in the wolve's jaws;
But ſee how faſt renneth the ſhepherd's ſwain
To ſave the innocent from the beaſt's paws,
And here with his ſheep-hook hath him ſlain.
Tell me, ſuch a cup haſt thou ever ſeen?
Well mought it beſeem any harveſt queen.

PER. Thereto will I pawn yonder ſpotted lamb,
Of all my flock there nis ſike another,
For I brought him up without the damb,
But Colin Clout raft me of his brother,
That he purchaſt of me in the plain field;
Sore againſt my will was I forſt to yield.

WIL. Siker make like account of his brother;
But who ſhall judg the wager won or loſt?
PER. That ſhall yonder herd-groom, and none other,
Which over the pouſſe hitherward doth poſt.

WIL. But for the ſun-beam ſo ſore doth us beat,
Were not better to ſhun the ſcorching heat?
PER. Well agreed, Willy; then ſit thee down, ſwain;
Sike a ſong never heardeſt thou but Colin ſing.
CUD. 'Gin, when ye liſt, ye jolly ſhepherds twain;
Sike a judge as Cuddy were for a king.
PER. "It fell upon a holy eve,
WIL. Hey, ho, holiday!
PER. When holy Fathers wont to ſhrive;
WIL. Now 'ginneth this roundelay.
PER. Sitting upon a hill ſo high,
WIL. Hey, ho, the high hill!
PER. The while my flock did feed thereby,
WIL. The while the ſhepherd ſelf did ſpill;
PER. I ſaw the bouncing bellibone,
WIL. Hey, ho, Bonnibel!
PER. Tripping over the dale alone;
WIL. She can trip it very well.
PER. Well decked in a frock of grey,
WIL. Hey, ho, grey is greet!
PER. And in a kirtle of green ſay,
WIL. The green is for maidens meet.
PER. A chaplet on her head ſhe wore,
WIL. Hey, ho, chapelet!
PER. Of ſweet violets therein was ſtore,
WIL. She ſweeter than the violet.
PER. My ſheep did leave their wonted food,
WIL. Hey, ho, ſeely ſheep!
PER. And gaz'd on her as they were wood,
WIL. Wood as he that did them keep.

PER. As the bony laſs paſſed by,
WIL. Hey, ho, bony laſs!
PER. She rov'd at me with glauncing eye,
WIL. As clear as the cryſtal glaſs:
PER. All as the ſunny beam ſo bright,
WIL. Hey, ho, the ſun-beam!
PER. Glanceth from Phœbus' face forthright,
WIL. So love into thy heart did ſtream:
PER. Or as the thunder cleaves the clouds,
WIL. Hey, ho, the thunder!
PER. Wherein the lightſom levin ſhrouds,
WIL. So cleaves thy ſoul aſunder:
PER. Or as Dame Cynthia's ſilver ray,
WIL. Hey, ho, the moon-light!
PER. Upon the glittering wave doth play,
WIL. Such play is a piteous plight.
PER. The glance into my heart did glide,
WIL. Hey, ho, the glider!
PER. Therewith my ſoul was ſharply gride,
WIL. Such wounds ſoon wexen wider.
PER. Haſting to raunch the arrow out,
WIL. Hey, ho, Perigot!
PER. I left the head in my heart-root,
WIL. It was a deſperate ſhot.
PER. There it rancleth aye more and more,
WIL. Hey, ho, the arrow!
PER. Ne can I find ſalve for my ſore;
WIL. Love is a careleſs ſorrow.
PER. And though my bale with death I bought,
WIL. Hey, ho, heavy chear!

PER. Yet ſhould thilk laſs not from my thought,
WIL. So you may buy gold too dear.
PER. But whether in painful love I pine,
WIL. Hey, ho, pinching pain!
PER. Or thrive in wealth, ſhe ſhall be mine,
WIL. But if thou can her obtain.
PER. And if for graceleſs grief I die,
WIL. Hey, ho, graceleſs grief!
PER. Witneſs ſhe ſlew me with her eye,
WIL. Let thy folly be the prief.
PER. And you that ſaw it, ſimple ſheep,
WIL. Hey, ho, the fair flock!
PER. For prief thereof my death ſhall weep,
WIL. And mone with many a mock.
PER. So learn'd I love on a holy eve,
WIL. Hey, ho, holy-day!
PER. That ever ſince my heart did grieve,
WIL. Now endeth our roundelay."
CUD. Siker ſike a roundle never heard I none;
Little lacketh Perigot of the beſt,
And Willy is not greatly over-gone,
So weren his under-ſongs well addreſt.
WIL. Herd-groom, I fear me thou have a ſquint eye;
Areed uprightly who has the victory.
CUD. Faith of my ſoul I deem each have gained;
For-thy let the lamb be Willy his own;
And for Perigot, ſo well hath him pained,
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.
PER. Perigot is well pleaſed with the doom,
Ne can Willy wite the witleſs herd-groom.

WIL. Never dempt more right of beauty, I ween,
The ſhepherd of Ida, that judg'd beauty's queen.
CUD. But tell me, Shepherds, ſhould it not yſhend
Your roundels freſh, to hear a doleful verſe
Of Roſalind (who knows not Roſalind?)
That Colin made? ylke can I you rehearſe.
PER. Now ſay it, Cuddy, as thou art a lad;
With merry thing it's good to meddle ſad.
WIL. Faith of my ſoul thou ſhalt ycrowned be
In Colin's ſteed, if thou this ſong areed;
For never thing on earth ſo pleaſeth me
As him to hear, or matter of his deed.
CUD. Then liſten each unto my heavy lay,
And tune your pipes as ruthfull as ye may.

"Ye waſtfull Woods! bear witneſs of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes reſound;
Ye careleſs Birds are privy to my cryes,
Which in your ſongs were wont to make a part;
Thou, pleaſant Spring, haſt lull'd me oft aſleep,
Whoſe ſtreams my trickling tears did oft augment.

Reſort of people doth my grief augment,
The walled towns do work my greater woe;
The foreſt wide is fitter to reſound
The hollow eccho of my careful cryes:
I hate the houſe, ſince thence my love did part,
Whoſe wailful want debars mine eyes of ſleep.

Let ſtreams of tears ſupply the place of ſleep;
Let all that ſweet is void, and all that may augment
My dole draw near. More meet to wail my woe is
Been the wild woods, my ſorrows to reſound,
Than bed nor bower, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them ſee ſo waſte, and find no part

Of pleaſure paſt. Here will I dwell apart
In gaſtful grove therefore, till my laſt ſleep
Do cloſe mine eyes; ſo ſhall I not augment
With ſight of ſuch as change my reſtleſs woe.
Help me, ye baneful Birds! whoſe ſhrieking ſound
Is ſign of dreery death, my deadly cryes

Moſt ruthfully to tune; and as my cryes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray leaſt part)
You hear all night, when Nature craveth ſleep,
Increaſe, ſo let your yrkſome yelles augment.
Thus all the night in plaints, the day in woe,
I vowed have to waſte, till ſafe and ſound

She home return, whoſe voice's ſilver ſound
To chearful ſongs ca'n change my chearleſs cryes.
Hence with the nightingale will I take part,
That bleſſed bird, that ſpends her time of ſleep
In ſongs and plaintive pleas, the more t'augment
The memory of his miſdeed that bred her woe.

And you that feel no woe, when as the ſound
Of theſe my nightly cryes ye hear apart,
Let break your ſounder ſleep, and pity augment."

PER. O Colin, Colin! the ſhepherd's joy,
How I admire each turning of the verſe;
And Cuddy, freſh Cuddy, the liefeſt boy,
How dolefully his dole thou didſt rehearſe!
CUD. Then blow your pipes, Shepherds, till you be
at home;
The night hieth faſt, it's time to be gone.

PERIGOT'S EMBLEM.

Vincenti gloria victi.

WILLY'S EMBLEM.

Vinto non vitto.

CUDDY'S EMBLEM.

Felice chi puo.

SEPTEMBER.

ÆGLOGA NONA.

The Argument.

DIGGON DAVIE, a ſhepherd, complains to his friend Hobbinol of the poverty to which he was reduced by travelling into a far country in hopes of greater gain, and deſcribes the deceitful and profligate lives of the ſhepherds he had ſeen, and the wretched condition of their flocks. This Æglogue is full of allegorical ſatire, like the Fifth and Seventh. The Author has choſen to write it in older language than the reſt, and with a ſprinkling of the Welch dialect. It is probable he had ſome private reaſon for it, and that under the fictitious names were repreſented real perſons.

HOBBINOL. DIGGON DAVIE.

HOBBINOL.

DIGGON DAVIE! I bid her god-day;
Or Diggon her is, or I miſſay.
DIG. Her was her while it was day-light,
But now her is a moſt wretched wight:
For day that was is wightly paſt,
And now at laſt the dirk night doth haſte.
HOB. Diggon, areed who has thee ſo dight;
Never I wiſt thee in ſo poor a plight.
Where is the fair flock thou waſt wont to lead?
Or been they chaffred, or at miſchief dead?
DIG. Ah! for love of that is to thee moſt leef,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old grief;
Sike queſtion rippeth up cauſe of new woe,
For one open'd, mote unfold many mo.
HOB. Nay, but ſorrow cloſe ſhrouded in heart,
I know to keep is a burdenous ſmart;

Each thing imparted is more eath to bear;
When the rain is fallen the clouds waxen clear.
And now ſithence I ſaw thy head laſt,
Thrice three moons been fully ſpent and paſt;
Since when thou haſt meaſured much ground,
And wandred weel about the world round,
So as thou can many things relate;
But tell me firſt of thy flock's eſtate.

DIG. My ſheep been waſted (woe is me therefore!)
The jolly ſhepherd that was of yore
Is now nor jolly nor ſhepherd more.
In foreign coaſts men ſaid was plenty;
And ſo there is, but all of miſery:
I dempt there much to have eeked my ſtore,
But ſuch eeking hath made my heart ſore.
In tho countries where I have been,
No being for thoſe that truly mean,
But for ſuch as of guile maken gain,
No ſuch country as there to remain;
They ſetten to ſale their ſhops of ſhame,
And maken a market of their good name:
The ſhepherds there robben one another,
And layen baits to beguile her brother;
Or they will buy his ſheep out of the coat,
Or they will carven the ſhepherd's throat.
The ſhepherd's ſwain you cannot well ken,
But it be by his pride, from other men;
They looken big as bulls that been bate,
And bearen the crag ſo ſtiff and ſo ſtate,

As cock on his dunghill crowing crank.
HOB. Diggon, I am ſo ſtiff and ſo ſtank,
That unneath may I ſtand any more;
And now the weſtern wind bloweth ſore,
That now is in his chief ſovereignty,
Beating the withered leaf from the tree;
Sit we down here under the hill,
Tho may we talk and tellen our fill,
And make a mock at the bluſtering blaſt:
Now ſay on, Diggon, whatever thou haſt.
DIG. Hobbin, ah, Hobbin! I curſe the ſtound
That ever I caſt to have lorn this ground:
Wele-away the while I was ſo fond
To leave the good that I had in hond,
In hope of better that was uncouth;
So left the dog the fleſh in his mouth.
My ſeely ſheep (ah! ſeely ſheep!)
That hereby I whylom us'd to keep,
All were they luſty as thou diddeſt ſee,
Been all ſtarved with pine and penury;
Hardly my ſelf eſcaped thilk pain,
Driven for need to come home again.
HOB. Ah! ſon, now by thy loſs art taught
That ſeldom change the better brought:
Content who lives with tried ſtate,
Need fear no change of frowning Fate;
But who will ſeek for unknown gain,
Oft lives by loſs, and leaves with pain.

DIG. I wote ne, Hobbin, how I was bewitcht
With vain deſire and hope to be enricht:
But ſiker ſo it is, as the bright ſtar
Seemeth a greater when it is far:
I thought the ſoil would have made me rich,
But now I wote it is nothing ſich;
For either the ſhepherds been idle and ſtill,
And led off their ſheep what way they will,
Or they been falſe, and full of covetiſe,
And caſten to compaſs many wrong empriſe:
But more been fraught with fraud and ſpight,
Ne in good nor goodneſs taken delight,
But kindle coals of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they ſet all the world on fire;
Which when they thinken again to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
They ſay they con to heaven the high-way,
But by my ſoul I dare underſay
They never ſet foot in that ſame trode,
But balk the right way, and ſtrayen abroad.
They boaſt they han the devil at commaund,
But aſk hem therefore what they han paund:
Marry that great Pan bought with great borrow,
To quite it from the black bower of ſorrow.
But they han ſold thilk ſame long ago,
For they would draw with hem many mo.
But let hem gang alone a God's name;
As they han brewed, ſo let them bear blame.

HOB. Diggon, I pray thee ſpeak not ſo dirk;
Such myſter ſaying me ſeemeth to mirk.
DIG. Then plainly to ſpeak of ſhepherds moſt what,
Bad is the beſt (this Engliſh is flat)
Their ill haviour gars men miſſay
Both of their doctrine and their fay.
They ſay the world is much war than it wont,
All for her ſhepherds is beaſtly and blont.
Other ſain, but how truly I note,
All for they holden ſhame of their cote:
Some ſtick not to ſay (hot cole on her tongue)
That ſike miſchief graſeth hem emong,
All for they caſten too much of world's care,
To deck her dame and enrich her heir:
For ſuch encheaſon, if you go nie,
Few chimneys reeken you ſhall eſpie.
The fat oxe that woont lig in the ſtall,
Is now faſt ſtalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in their ſteads,
Ylik as a monſter of many heads:
But they that ſhooten neareſt the prick,
Sain other the fat from their beards do lick:
For big bulls of Baſan brace hem about,
That with their horns butten the more ſtout;
But the lean ſouls treaden under foot,
And to ſeek redreſs mought little boot;
For liker been they to pluck away more,
Than ought of the gotten good to reſtore:

For they been like foul wa moires overgraſt,
That if any galage once ſticketh faſt,
The more to wind it out thou doſt ſwink,
Thou nought aye deeper and deeper ſink.
Yet better leave off with a little loſs,
Than by much wreſtling to leeſe the groſs.
HOB. Now, Diggon, I ſee thou ſpeakeſt too plain;
Better it were a little to fain,
And cleanly cover that cannot be cured;
Such ill as is forced mought needs be endured.
But of ſike paſtors how done the flocks creep?
DIG. Sike as the ſhepherds, ſike been her ſheep,
For they nill liſten to the ſhepherd's voice;
But if he call hem, at their good choice
They wander at will and ſtay at pleaſure,
And to their folds yead at their own leaſure.
But they had be better come at their call;
For many han unto miſchief fall,
And ben of ravenous wolves yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.
HOB. Fie on thee, Diggon, and all thy foul leaſing;
Well is known that ſith the Saxon king
Never was wolf ſeen, many nor ſome,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Chriſtendom;
But the fewer wolves (the ſooth to ſain)
The more been the foxes that here remain.
DIG. Yes, but they gang in more ſecret wiſe,
And with ſheeps clothing doen hem diſguiſe.

They talk not widely as they were woont,
For fear of raungers and the great hoont,
But privily prolling to and fro,
Enaunter they mought be inly know.
HOB. Or privy or pert if any bin,
We have great bandogs will tear their ſkin.
DIG. Indeed thy Ball is a bold big cur,
And could make a jolly hole in their fur:
But not good dogs hem needeth to chaſe,
But heedy ſhepherds to diſcern their face;
For all their craft is in their countenance,
They been ſo grave and full of maintenance.
But ſhall I tell thee what my ſelf know
Chaunced to Roffin not long ygoe?
HOB. Say it out, Diggon, whatever it hight,
For not but well mought him betight:
He is ſo meek, wiſe, and merciable,
And with his word his work is convenable.
Colin Clout, I ween, be his ſelf boy,
(Ah, for Colin! he whylom my joy)
Shepherds ſich God mought us many ſend,
That doen ſo carefully their flocks tend.
DIG. Thilk ſame ſhepherd mought I well mark,
He has a dog to bite or to bark;
Never had ſhepherd ſo keen a cur,
That waketh and if but a leaf ſtur.
Whilom there wonned a wicked wolf,
That with many a lamb had gutted his gulf,

And ever at night wont to repair
Unto the flock, when the welkin ſhone fair,
Yclad in clothing of ſeely ſheep,
When the good old man uſed to ſleep;
Tho at midnight he would bark and ball,
(For he had eft learned a cur's call)
As if a wolf were among the ſheep:
With that the ſhepherd would break his ſleep,
And ſend out Lowder (for ſo his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with open throte.
Tho when as Lowder was far away,
This wolviſh ſheep would catchen his prey,
A lamb, or a kid, or a weanell waſt,
With that to the wood would he ſpeed him faſt.
Long time he uſed this ſlippery prank,
Ere Roffy could for his labour him thank.
At end, the ſhepherd his practiſe ſpied,
(For Roffy is wiſe, and as Argus eyed)
And when at even he came to the flock,
Faſt in their folds he did them lock,
And took out the woolf in his counterfeit cote,
And let out the ſheeps-blood at his throte.
HOB. Marry, Diggon, what ſhould him affray
To take his own where ever it lay?
For had his weaſand been a little widder,
He would have devoured both hidder and ſhidder.
DIG. Miſchief light on him, and God's great curſe,
Too good for him had been a great deal wurſe;

For it was a perillous beaſt above all,
And eke had he con'd the ſhepherd's call,
And oft in the night came to the ſheep-cote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if the old man's ſelf had been :
The dog his maiſter's voice did it ween,
Yet half in doubt he open'd the door,
And ran out, as he was wont of yore.
No ſooner was out, but ſwifter than thought,
Faſt by the hide the wolf Lowder caught,
And had not Roffy ren to the ſteven,
Lowder had been ſlain thilk ſame even.
HOB. God ſhield, Man, he ſhould ſo ill have thrive,
All for he did his devoir believe.
If ſike been wolves, as thou haſt told,
How mought we, Diggon, hem behold?
DIG. How but with heed and watchfullneſs,
Forſtallen hem of their wilineſs :
For-thy with ſhepherds ſits not play,
Or ſleep, as ſome doen, all the long day;
But ever liggen in watch and ward,
From ſudden force their flocks for to gard.
HOB. Ah! Diggon, thilk ſame rule were too ſtraight,
All the cold ſeaſon to watch and wait :
We been of fleſh, men as other be,
Why ſhould we be bound to ſuch miſery?
What-ever thing lacketh changeable reſt,
Mought needs decay when it is at beſt.

DIG. Ah! but, Hobbinol, all this long tale
Nought eaſeth the care that doth me forhaile;
What ſhall I do? what way ſhall I wend,
My piteous plight and loſs to amend?
Ah! good Hobbinol, mought I thee pray
Of aid or counſel in my decay.
HOB. Now by my ſoul, Diggon, I lament
The hapleſs miſchief that has thee hent;
Netheleſs thou ſeeſt my lowly ſail,
That froward Fortune doth ever avail:
But were Hobbinol as God mought pleaſe,
Diggon ſhould ſoon find favour and eaſe:
But if to my cottage thou wilt reſort,
So as I can I will thee comfort;
There maiſt thou lig in a vetchy bed,
Till fairer Fortune ſhew forth his head.
DIG. Ah! Hobbinol, God mought it thee requite,
Diggon on few ſuch friends did ever lite.

DIGGON'S EMBLEM.

Inopem me copia fecit.

OCTOBER.

ÆGLOGA DECIMA.

The Argument.

THE following Æglogue, which riſes above the common ſtile of paſtoral, is on the ſubject of poetry. Piers commends Cuddy for his ſkill in this art. Cuddy complains of the little encouragement given to it; and being prompted by Piers to leave the ordinary themes of ſhepherds, and to chuſe ſome ſubject of heroick ſong, takes occaſion to mention Colin, as beſt qualify'd for ſuch an attempt, if his mind were not perplex'd with unproſperous love.

PIERS. CUDDY.

PIERS.

Cuddy, for ſhame hold up thy heavy head,
And let us caſt with what delight to chace
And weary this long lingring Phœbus' race.
Whylom thou wont the ſhepherds' lads to lead
In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding baſe:
Now they in thee, and thou in ſleep, art dead.

CUD. Piers, I have piped earſt ſo long with pain,
That all mine oaten reeds been rent and wore,
And my poor Muſe hath ſpent her ſpared ſtore,
Yet little good hath got, and much leſs gain.
Such pleaſance makes the graſhopper ſo poor,
And lig ſo laid, when winter doth her ſtrain.

The dapper ditties that I wont deviſe,
To feed youth's fancy, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much, what I the bet for-thy?
They han the pleaſure, I a ſlender prize:
I beat the buſh, the birds to them do fly:
What good thereof to Cuddy can ariſe?

PIERS. Cuddy, the praiſe is better than the price,
The glory eke much greater than the gain:
O what an honour is it to reſtrain
The luſt of lawleſs youth with good advice,
Or prick them forth with pleaſance of thy vein,
Whereto thou liſt their trained wills entice?

Soon as thou 'gins to ſet thy notes in frame,
O how the rural routs to thee do cleave!
Seemeth thou dooſt their ſoul of ſenſe bereave,
All as the ſhepherd that did fetch his dame
From Pluto's baleful bower withouten leave;
His muſick's might the helliſh hound did tame.

CUD. So prayſen babes the peacock's ſpotted train,
And wondren at bright Argus' blazing eye;
But who rewards him ere the more for-thy,
Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain?
Sike praiſe is ſmoke, that ſheddeth in the ſky;
Sike words been wind, and waſten ſoon in vain.

PIERS. Abandon then the baſe and viler clown,
Lift up thy ſelf out of the lowly duſt,
And ſing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giuſts;
Turn thee to thoſe that weld the aweful crown,
To doubted knights, whoſe woundleſs armour ruſts,
And helms unbruzed wexen daily brown.

There may thy Muſe diſplay her fluttering wing,
And ſtretch her ſelf at large from eaſt to weſt;

Whither thou liſt in fair Eliza reſt,
Or if thee pleaſe in bigger notes to ſing,
Advance the worthy whom ſhe loveth beſt,
That firſt the White Bear to the Stake did bring.

And when the ſtubborn ſtroke of ſtronger ſtounds
Has ſomewhat ſlackt the tenor of thy ſtring,
Of love and luſtihead tho mayſt thou ſing,
And carrol loud, and lead the Millers round,
All were Eliza one of thilk ſame ring;
So mought our Cuddy's name to heaven ſound.

CUD. Indeed the Romiſh Tityrus I hear,
Through his Mecænas left his oaten reed,
Whereon he earſt had taught his flocks to feed,
And laboured lands to yield the timely ear,
And eft did ſing of wars and deadly dreed,
So as the heavens did quake his verſe to hear.

But ah! Mecænas is yclad in clay,
And great Auguſtus long ygo is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for poets on to play:
For ever who in derring-do were dread,
The lofty verſe of hem was loved aye.

But after Vertue 'gan for age to ſtoup,
And mighty Manhood brought a bed of eaſe,
The vaunting poets found nought worth a peaſe
To put in preace among the learned troup;

Tho 'gin the ſtreams of flowing wits to ceaſe,
And ſunbright honour pen'd in ſhameful coup.

And if that any budds of poeſy,
Yet of the old ſtock, 'gan to ſhoot again,
Or it mens follies mote to force to fain,
And roll with reſt in rimes of ribaudry,
Or as it ſprung it wither muſt again,
Tom Piper makes us better melody.

PIERS. O peerleſs Poeſie! where is then thy place?
If not in princes' palace thou doſt ſit,
(And yet is princes' palace the moſt fit)
Ne breaſt of baſer birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee wings of thine aſpiring wit,
And, whence thou cam'ſt, fly back to heaven apace.

CUD. Ah! Percy, it is all too weak and wan,
So high to ſore and make ſo large a flight;
Her peeced pineons been not ſo in plight:
For Colin fits ſuch famous flight to ſcan;
He, were he not with love ſo ill bedight,
Would mount as high and ſing as ſoot as ſwan.

PIERS. Ah! fon, for love does teach him climb ſo high,
And lifts him up out of the loathſom mire;
Such immortal mirror as he doth admire,
Would raiſe one's mind above the ſtarry ſky,
And cauſe a caitive courage to aſpire;
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

CUD. All otherwiſe the ſtate of Poet ſtands:
For lordly Love is ſuch a tyrant fell,
That where he rules all power he doth expell;
The vaunted verſe a vacant head demands,
Ne wont with crabbed Care the Muſes dwell:
Unwiſely weaves that takes two webs in hand.

Who ever caſts to compaſs weighty prize,
And thinks to throw out thundering words of threat,
Let pour in laviſh cups and thrifty bits of meat,
For Bacchus' fruit is friend to Phœbus wiſe,
And when with wine the brain begins to ſweat,
The numbers flow as faſt as ſpring doth riſe.

Thou kenſt not, Percie, how the rime ſhould rage;
O if my temples were diſtain'd with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wild ivy twine,
How I could rear the Muſe on ſtately ſtage,
And teach her tread aloft in buſkin fine,
With queint Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my courage cools ere it be warm,
For-thy content us in this humble ſhade,
Where no ſuch troublous tides han us aſſaid;
Here we our ſlender pipes may ſafely charm.
PIERS. And when my goats ſhall han their bellies laid,
Cuddy ſhall have a kid to ſtore his farm.

CUDDY'S EMBLEM.

Agitante caleſcimus illo, &c.

NOVEMBER.

ÆGLOGA UNDECIMA.

The Argument.

COLIN being deſired by Thenot to ſing, excuſes himſelf by his concern for the death of Dido, the daughter of a ſhepherd of note, and probably a friend of the Author, whoſe memory, at Thenot's farther requeſt, he celebrates in a funeral elegy.

THENOT. COLIN.

THENOT.

Colin, my Dear, when ſhall it pleaſe thee ſing,
As thou wert wont, ſongs of ſome jouiſance?
Thy Muſe too long ſlumbereth in ſorrowing,
Lulled aſleep through Love's miſgovernance.
Now ſomewhat ſing, whoſe endleſs ſovenance
Emong the ſhepherds' ſwains may aye remain,
Whether thee liſt thy loved laſs advance,
Or honour Pan with hymns of higher vein.

COL. Thenot, now nis the time of merry-make,
Nor Pan to herie, nor with Love to play;
Sike mirth in May is meeteſt for to make,
Or ſummer ſhade, under the cocked hay.
But now ſad winter welked hath the day,
And Phœbus, weary of his yearly taſk,
Yſtabliſht hath his ſteeds in lowly lay,
And taken up his inn in Fiſhes Haſk,
Thilk ſullen ſeaſon ſadder plight doth aſk,
And loatheth ſike delights as thou dooſt praiſe:
The mournful Muſe in mirth now liſt ne maſk,
As ſhe was wont in youngth and ſummer-days;
But if thou algate luſt light virelays,
And looſer ſongs of love to underſong,

Who but thy ſelf deſerves ſike poet's praiſe?
Relieve thy oaten pipes that ſleepen long.
THE. The nightingale is ſovereign of ſong,
Before him ſits the titmouſe ſilent be,
And I, unfit to thruſt in ſkilful throng,
Should Colin make judge of my foolery:
Nay, better learn of hem that learned be,
And han been watred at the Muſes' well;
The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell:
But if ſad winter's wrath, and ſeaſon chill,
Accord not with thy Muſe's merriment,
To ſadder times thou maiſt attune thy quill,
And ſing of ſorrow and death's dreriment;
For dead is Dido, dead, alas! and drent;
Dido! the great ſhepherd his daughter ſheen;
The faireſt May ſhe was that ever went,
Her like ſhe has not left behind I ween:
And if thou wilt bewail my woeful teen,
I ſhall thee give yond coſſet for thy pain;
And if thy rimes as round and rueful been
As thoſe that did thy Roſalind complain,
Much greater gifts for guerdon thou ſhalt gain
Than kid or coſſet, which I thee benempt:
Then up, I ſay, thou jolly ſhepherd ſwain,
Let not my ſmall demand be ſo contempt.
COL. Thenot, to that I choſe thou doſt me tempt,
But ah! too well I wote my humble vein,
And how my rimes been rugged and unkempt;
Yet as I con my cunning I will ſtrain.

"Up, then, Melpomene! the mournfulſt Muſe of Nine,
Such cauſe of mourning never hadſt afore;
Up, griſly Ghoſts! and up my ruful Rime!
Matter of mirth now ſhalt thou have no more,
For dead ſhe is that mirth thee made of yore;
Dido, my dear, alas! is dead,
Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead.
O heavy herſe!
Let ſtreaming tears be poured out in ſtore;
O careful verſe!
Shepherds, that by your flocks on Kentiſh downs abide,
Wail ye this woful waſte of Nature's wark;
Wail we the wight whoſe preſence was our pride;
Wail we the wight whoſe abſence is our cark;
The ſun of all the world is dim and dark;
The earth now wants her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night.
O heavy hearſe!
Break we our pipes, that ſhrill'd as loud as lark;
O careful verſe!
Why do we longer live, (ah! why live we ſo long?)
Whoſe better days Death hath ſhut up in woe?
The faireſt flower our girlond all among
Is faded quite, and into duſt ygo.
Sing now, ye ſhepherd's Daughters, ſing no mo
The ſongs that Colin made you in her praiſe,
But into weeping turn your wanton lays.
O heavy herſe!
Now is time to die: nay, time was long ygo;
O careful verſe!

Whence is it that the flowret of the field doth fade,
And lieth buried long in Winter's bale?
Yet ſoon as Spring his mantle hath diſplayde,
It flowreth freſh, as it ſhould never fail:
But thing on earth that is of moſt avail,
As vertue's branch and beauty's bud,
Reliven not for any good.
O heavy herſe!
The branch once dead, the bud eke needs muſt quail;
O careful verſe!

She, while ſhe was, (that was a woful word to ſain)
For beauty's praiſe and pleaſance had no peer;
So well ſhe couth the ſhepherds entertain
With cakes and cracknels, and ſuch country cheer:
Ne would ſhe ſcorn the ſimple ſhepherd's ſwain;
For ſhe would call him often heam,
And give him curds and clouted cream.
O heavy herſe!
Als Colin Clout ſhe would not once diſdain;
O careful verſe!

But now ſike happy cheer is turn'd to heavy chaunce,
Such pleaſance now diſplac'd by dolor's dint;
All muſick ſleeps, where Death doth lead the daunce,
And ſhepherds' wonted ſolace is extinct.
Thy blue in black, the green in gray, is tinct;
The gaudy girlonds deck her grave,
The faded flowers her corſe embrave.
O heavy herſe!
Mourn now, my Muſe, now mourn with tears beſprint;
O careful verſe!

O th great ſhepherd, Lobbin, how great is thy grief!
Where bin the noſegays that ſhe dight for thee?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chief,
The knotted ruſh-rings, and gilt roſemaree?
For ſhe deemed nothing too dear for thee.
Ah! they been all yclad in clay,
One bitter blaſt blew all away.
O heavy herſe!
Thereof nought remains but the memoree;
O careful verſe!

Ay me! that dreery Death ſhould ſtrike ſo mortal ſtroke,
That can undo Dame Nature's kindly courſe;
The faded locks fall from the lofty oke,
The flouds do gaſp, for dried is their ſource,
And flouds of tears flow in their ſtead perforce:
The mantled meadows mourn,
Their ſundry colours tourn.
O heavy herſe!
The heavens do melt in tears without remorſe;
O careful verſe!

The feeble flocks in field refuſe their former food,
And hang their heads as they would learn to weep;
The beaſts in foreſt wail as they were wood,
Except the wolves, that chaſe the wandring ſheep,
Now ſhe is gone that ſafely did hem keep:
The turtle on the bared branch
Laments the wound that Death did lanch.
O heavy herſe!
And Philomel her ſong with tears doth ſteep;
O careful verſe!

The water nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlond olive branches beare,
Now baleful boughs of cypreſs done advance;
The Muſes, that were wont green bays to wear,
Now bringen bitter elder branches ſere;
The Fatal Siſters eke repent
Her vital threed ſo ſoon was ſpent.
O heavy herſe!
Mourn now, my Muſe, now mourn with heavy chear;
O careful verſe!

O truſtleſs ſtate of earthly things, and ſlipper hope
Of mortal men, that ſwink and ſweat for nought,
And ſhooting wide, do miſs the marked ſcope;
Now have I learn'd (a leſſon dearly bought)
That nis on earth aſſurance to be ſought;
For what might be in earthly mould
That did her buried body hold?
O heavy herſe!
Yet ſaw I on the beere when it was brought;
O careful verſe!

But maugre Death, and dreaded Siſters' deadly ſpight,
And gates of hell, and fiery furies force,
She hath the bonds broke of eternal night,
Her ſoul unbodied of the burdenous corſe.
Why then weeps Lobbin ſo without remorſe?
O Lobb! thy loſs no longer lament;
Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent.
O happy herſe!
Ceaſe now, my Muſe, now ceaſe thy ſorrow's ſourſe,
O joyful verſe!

Why wail we then? why weary we the gods with
As ſome evil were to her betight? [plaints,
She reigns a goddeſs now emong the ſaints,
That whylom was the ſaint of ſhepherds light,
And is enſtalled now in heaven's hight.
I ſee the bleſſed ſoul, I ſee
Walk in Elyſian fields ſo free.
O happy herſe!
Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)
O joyful verſe!
  Unwiſe and wretched men, to weet what's good or ill,
We deem of death as doom of ill deſert;
But knew we, Fools, what it us brings until,
Die would we daily, once it to expert;
No danger there the ſhepherd can aſtert;
Fair fields and pleaſant layes there been;
The fields aye freſh, the graſs aye green.
O happy herſe!
Ceaſe now, my ſong, my woe now waſted is;
O joyful verſe!
  Dido is gone afore (whoſe turn ſhall be the next?)
There lives ſhe with the bleſſed gods in bliſs,
There drinks ſhe nectar with ambroſia mixt,
And joys enjoys that mortal men do miſs.
The honour now of higheſt gods ſhe is,
That whylom was poor ſhepherds' pride
While here on earth ſhe did abide.
O happy herſe!
Ceaſe now, my ſong, my woe now waſted is;
O joyful verſe!"

THE. Aye, frank ſhepherd, how been thy verſe meint
With doleful pleaſance, ſo as I ne wot,
Whether rejoyce or weep for great conſtraint?
Thine be the coſſet, well haſt thou it got.
Up, Colin, up, ynough thou mourned haſt;
Now 'gins to mizzle, hie we homeward faſt.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

La mort ny mord.

DECEMBER.

ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA.

The Argument.

THIS laſt Æglogue, like the firſt, is a ſoliloquy of Colin, reflecting on the pleaſures and levities of his youth, the progreſs of his riper years, and complaining that his life is now blaſted, and brought to its winter ſeaſon, through his long and hopeleſs paſſion for Roſalind.

THE gentle ſhepherd ſate beſides a ſpring,
All in the ſhadow of a buſhy brere,
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and ſing,
For he of Tityrus his ſongs did lere:
There as he ſate in ſecret ſhade alone,
Thus 'gan he make of love his piteous moan.

" O ſovereign Pan! thou god of ſhepherds all,
Which of our tender lambkins takeſt keep,
And when our flocks into miſchance mought fall,
Do'ſt ſave from miſchief the unwary ſheep,
Als of their maiſters haſt no leſs regard
Than of the flocks, which thou doſt watch and ward;

I thee beſeech (ſo be thou deign to hear
Rude ditties, tun'd to ſhepherd's oaten reed,
Or if I ever ſonnet ſung ſo clear,
As it with pleaſaunce mought thy fancy feed)
Hearken awhile from thy green cabinet,
The lawrel ſong of careful Colinet.

Whilom in youth, when flowr'd my youthfull spring,
Like swallow swift I wandred here and there,
For heat of heedless lust me so did sting,
That I eft doubted danger had no fear:
I went the wastful woods and forrest wide,
Withouten dread of wolves to been espide.

I wont to range amid the mazy thicket,
And gather nuts to make me Christmas-game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling pricket,
Or hunt the heartless hare till she were tame.
What wrecked I of wintry ages wast?
Tho deemed I my spring would ever last.

How often have I scal'd the craggy oak,
All to dislodge the raven of her nest?
How have I wearied with many a stroke
The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
For like to me was liberty and life.

And for I was in thilk same looser yeers
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my birth,
Or I too much believ'd my shepherd peers)
Somedele ybent to song and musick's mirth,
A good old shepherd, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by art more cunning in the same.

From thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepherd's swain, whatever fed in field;

And if that Hobbinol right judgment bare,
To Pan his own ſelf pipe I need not yeeld:
For if the flocking nymphs did follow Pan,
The wiſer Muſes after Colin ran.

But, ah! ſuch pride at length was ill repaid;
The ſhepherds' god (perdy god was he none)
My hurtleſs pleaſance did me ill upbraid,
My freedom lorn, my life he left to mone.
Love they him called that gave me check-mate,
But better mought they have behote him Hate.

Tho 'gan my lovely Spring bid me farewel,
And ſommer ſeaſon ſped him to diſplay
(For Love then in the Lion's houſe did dwell)
The raging fire that kindled at his ray.
A comet ſtir'd up that unkindly heat,
That reigned (as men ſaid) in Venus' ſeat.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,
When choice I had to chuſe my wandring way,
But whither Luck and Love's unbridled lore
Would lead me forth on fancies bit to play;
The buſh my bed, the bramble was my bow'r,
The woods can witneſs many a woeful ſtow'r.

Where I was wont to ſeek the hony bee,
Working her formal rowms in wexen frame,
The grieſly todeſtool grown there mought I ſee,
And loathed paddocks lording on the ſame:

And where the chaunting birds lull'd me aſleep,
The ghaſtly owl her grievous inn doth keep.

Then as the ſpring gives place to elder Time,
And bringeth forth the fruit of ſommer's pride,
All ſo my age, now paſſed youthly prime,
To things of riper ſeaſon ſelf apply'd,
And learn'd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might ſave my ſheep and me from ſhame.

To make fine cages for the nightingale,
And baſkets of bulruſhes, was my wont:
Who to entrap the fiſh in winding ſale
Was better ſeen, or hurtful beaſts to hunt?
I learned als the ſigns of heaven to ken,
How Phœbus fails, where Venus ſits, and when.

And tried time yet taught me greater things,
The ſuddain riſing of the raging ſeas,
The ſooth of birds, by beating of their wings,
The pow'r of herbs, both which can hurt and eaſe,
And which be wont t' enrage the reſtleſs ſheep,
And which be wont to work eternal ſleep.

But, ah! unwiſe and witleſs Colin Clout,
That kydſt the hidden kinds of many a weed,
Yet kydſt not one to cure thy ſore heart-root,
Whoſe rankling wound as yet does rifely bleed.
Why liv'ſt thou ſtill, and yet haſt thy death's wound?
Why dieſt thou ſtill, and yet alive art found?

Thus is my ſommer worn away and waſted,
Thus is my harveſt haſten'd all too rathe;
The ear that budded fair is burnt and blaſted,
And all my hoped gain is turn'd to ſcathe.
Of all the ſeed that in youth was ſown,
Was none but brakes and brambles to be mown.

My boughs and bloosmes, that crowned were at firſt,
And promiſed of timely fruit ſuch ſtore,
Are left both bare and barren now at earſt;
The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before,
And rotted e'er they were half mellow ripe;
My harveſt waſte, my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowers that in my garden grew
Been wither'd, as they had been gather'd long;
Their roots been dried up for lack of dew,
Yet dew'd with tears they han been e'er among.
Ah! who has wrought my Roſalind this ſpight,
To ſpill the flowers that ſhould her girlond dight?

And I, that whilom wont to frame my pipe
Unto the ſhifting of the ſhepherd's foot,
Sike follies now have gather'd as too ripe,
And caſt hem out as rotten and unſoot.
The looſer laſs I caſt to pleaſe no more,
One if I pleaſe enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harveſt-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care,

Which when I thought have threſh'd in ſwelling ſheave,
Cockle for corn, and chaff for barly, bore:
Soon as the chaff ſhould in the fan be fin'd,
All blown away was of the wavering wind.

So now my year draws to my latter term,
My ſpring is ſpent, my ſommer burnt up quite;
My harveſt haſtes to ſtir up Winter ſtern,
And bids him claim with rigorous rage his right:
So now he ſtorms with many a ſturdy ſtour;
So now his bluſtring blaſt each coaſt doth ſcour.

The careful cold hath nipt my rugged rind,
And in my face deep furrows eld hath plight;
My head beſprent with hoary froſt I find,
And by mine eye the crow his claw doth wright:
Delight is laid abed, and pleaſure paſt;
No ſun now ſhines, clouds han all over-caſt.

Now leave, you ſhepherds' Boys, your merry glee,
My Muſe is hoarſe and weary of this ſtound;
Here will I hang my pipe upon this tree,
Was never pipe of reed did better ſound:
Winter is come, that blows the bitter blaſt,
And after winter drery death does haſte.

Gather together ye my little flock,
My little flock, that was to me moſt lief;
Let me, ah! let me in your folds ye lock,
E'er the breme winter breed your greater grief.

Winter is come, that blows the baleful breath,
And after winter cometh timely death.

Adieu Delights, that lulled me asleep;
Adieu my Dear, whose love I bought so dear;
Adieu, my little Lambs and loved Sheep;
Adieu ye Woods, that oft my witness were;
Adieu good Hobbinol, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind Colin bids her adieu.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

EPILOGUE.

LOE! I have made a Calendar for every yeere,
That ſteele in ſtrength, and time in durance, ſhall out-weare;
And if I marked well the ſtarres revolution,
It ſhall continue till the world's diſſolution,
To teach the ruder ſhepheard how to feed his ſheepe,
And from the falſer's fraude his folded flocke to keepe.
Goe, little Calendar! thou haſt a free paſſport;
Goe but a lowely gate amongſt the meaner ſort:
Dare not to match thy pipe with Tityrus his ſtile,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the plough-man plaid awhile;
But follow them farre off, and their high ſteps adore;
The better pleaſe, the worſe diſpleaſe; I aſke no more.

MERCE NON MERCEDE.

HYMNS.

To the right honourable and most vertuous ladies,

THE LADY MARGARET,

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND;

AND THE LADY MARY,

COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

HAVING in the greener times of my youth composed these former two Hymns in the praise of love and beauty, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather suck out poison to their strong passion, than honey to their honest delight, I was moved by the one of you two most excellent ladies to call in the same; but being unable so to do, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retraction, to reform them, making (instead of those two Hymns of earthly or natural love and beauty) two others of heavenly and celestial; the which I do dedicate jointly unto you two honourable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beauty, both in the one and the other kind; humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and

honourable favours which ye daily ſhew unto me, until ſuch time as I may, by better means, yield you ſome more notable teſtimony of my thankful mind and dutiful happineſs. And even ſo I pray for your happineſs.

Your Honours moſt bounden ever,

In all humble ſervice,

Greenwich, this firſt of September 1596.

EDMUND SPENSER.

AN HYMN

IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

Love, that long ſince haſt to thy mighty powre
Perforce ſubdu'd my poor captived heart,
And raging now therein with reſtleſs ſtowre,
Doſt tyrannize in every weaker part,
Fain would I ſeek to eaſe my bitter ſmart
By any ſervice I might do to thee,
Or ought that elſe might to thee pleaſing be.

And now t' aſſuage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I mean to ſing the praiſes of thy name,
And thy victorious conqueſts to areed,
By which thou madeſt many hearts to bleed
Of mighty victors, with wide wounds embru'd,
And by thy cruel darts to thee ſubdu'd.

Only I fear my wits, enfeebled late
Through the ſharp ſorrows which thou haſt me bred,
Should faint, and words ſhould fail me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-head:
But if thou wouldſt vouchſafe to over-ſpread
Me with the ſhadow of thy gentle wing,
I ſhould enabled be thy acts to ſing.

Come, then, O come, thou mighty God of Love!
Out of thy ſilver bowres and ſecret bliſs,
Where thou doſt ſit in Venus' lap above,
Bathing thy wings in her abroſial kiſs,
That ſweeter far than any nectar is;
Come ſoftly, and my feeble breaſt inſpire
With gentle fury, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, ſweet Muſes! which have often proved
The piercing points of his avengeful darts;
And ye, fair Nymphs! which oftentimes have loved
The cruel worker of your kindly ſmarts,
Prepare your ſelves, and open wide your hearts
For to receive the triumph of your glory,
That made you merry oft when ye were ſorry.

And ye, fair bloſſoms of youth's wanton breed!
Which in the conqueſts of your beauty boaſt,
Wherewith your lovers' feeble eyes you feed,
But ſtarve their hearts, that needeth nurture moſt,
Prepare your ſelves to march amongſt his hoſt,
And all the way this ſacred Hymn to ſing,
Made in the honour of your ſovereign king.

GREAT God of might, that reigneth in the mind,
And all the body to thy heſt doſt frame,
Victor of gods, ſubduer of mankind,
That doſt the lions and fell tygers tame,
Making their cruel rage thy ſcornful game,
And in their roaring taking great delight,
Who can expreſs the glory of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancy,
When thy great mother Venus firſt thee bare,
Begot of Plenty and of Penury,
Though elder than thine own nativity,
And yet a child, renewing ſtill thy years,
And yet the eldeſt of the heavenly peers?

For e'er this world's ſtill moving mighty maſs
Out of great Chaos' ugly priſon crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heaven's view, and in deep darkneſs kept,
Love, that had now long time ſecurely ſlept
In Venus' lap, unarmed then and naked,
'Gan rear his head, by Clotho being waked.

And taking to him wings of his own heat,
Kindled at firſt from heaven's life-giving fire,
He gan to move out of his idle ſeat;
Weakly at firſt, but after with deſire
Lifted aloft, he 'gan to mount up higher,
And like freſh eagle made his hardy flight
Thro all that great wide waſte yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
His own fair mother, for all creatures' ſake,
Did lend him light from her own goodly ray;
Then thro the world his way he gan to take,
The world, that was not till he did it make,
Whoſe ſundry parts he from themſelves did ſever,
The which before had lyen confuſed ever.

The earth, the air, the water, and the fire,
Then 'gan to range themſelves in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conſpire
Each againſt other by all means they may,
Threatning their own confuſion and decay:
Air hated earth, and water hated fire,
Till Love relented their rebellious ire.

He then them took, and tempering goodly well
Their contrary diſlikes with loved means,
Did place them all in order, and compell
To keep themſelves within their ſundry reigns,
Together link'd with adamantine chains,
Yet ſo as that in every living wight
They mix themſelves, and ſhew their kindly might.

So ever ſince they firmly have remained,
And duly well obſerved his beheaſt;
Thro which now all theſe things that are contained
Within this goodly cope, both moſt and leaſt,
Their being have, and daily are increaſt
Thro ſecret ſparks of his infuſed fire,
Which in the barren cold he doth inſpire.

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
To multiply the likeneſs of their kind,
Whilſt they ſeek only, without further care,
To quench the flame which they in burning find;
But man, that breathes a more immortal mind,
Not for luſt's ſake, but for eternity,
Seeks to enlarge his laſting progeny:

For having yet in his deducted ſpright
Some ſparks remaining of that heavenly fire,
He is enlumin'd with that goodly light,
Unto like goodly ſemblant to aſpire;
Therefore in choice of love he doth deſire
That ſeems on earth moſt heavenly to embrace,
That ſame is Beauty, born of heavenly race.

For ſure of all that in this mortal frame
Contained is, nought more divine doth ſeem,
Or that reſembleth more th' immortal flame
Of heavenly light, than beauty's glorious beam.
What wonder then if with ſuch rage extreme
Frail men, whoſe eyes ſeek heavenly things to ſee,
At ſight thereof ſo much enraviſh'd be?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy
Doth therewith tip his ſharp empoiſoned darts,
Which glancing thro the eyes with count'nance coy,
Reſt not till they have pierc'd the trembling hearts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which ſucks the blood, and drinketh up the life
Of careful wretches with conſuming grief.

Thenceforth they 'plain, and make full piteous moan
Unto the author of their baleful bane;
The days they waſte, the nights they grieve and groan,
Their lives they loath, and heaven's light diſdain;
No light but that whoſe lamp doth yet remain
Freſh burning in the image of their eye
They 'ſdeign to ſee, and ſeeing it ſtill die.

The whilſt thou tyrant Love doſt laugh and ſcorn
At their complaints, making their pain thy play,
Whilſt they lie languiſhing like thralls forlorn,
The whiles thou doſt triumph in their decay;
And otherwhiles, their dying to delay,
Thou doſt enmarble the proud heart of her
Whoſe love before their life they do prefer.

So haſt thou often done (ay me, the more!)
To me thy vaſſal, whoſe yet bleeding heart
With thouſand wounds thou mangled haſt ſo ſore,
That whole remains ſcarce any little part;
Yet to augment the anguiſh of my ſmart,
Thou haſt enfrozen her diſdainful breſt,
That no one drop of pity there doth reſt.

Why then do I this honour unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou doſt ſhew no favour unto me,
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious dame,
Somewhat to ſlake the rigour of my flame?
Certes ſmall glory doſt thou win hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to die.

But if thou be indeed, as men thee call,
The world's great parent, the moſt kind preſerver
Of living wights, the ſoveraign lord of all,
How falls it then that with thy furious fervour
Thou doſt afflict as well the not-deſerver,
As him that doth thy lovely heaſts deſpiſe,
And on thy ſubjects moſt doſt tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory ſeemeth more,
By ſo hard handling thoſe which beſt thee ſerve,
That ere thou doſt them unto grace reſtore,
Thou maiſt well try if thou wilt ever ſwerve,
And maiſt them make it better to deſerve,
And having got it, may it more eſteem;
For things hard gotten men more dearly deem.

So hard thoſe heavenly beauties be enfir'd
As things divine, leaſt paſſions do impreſs,
The more of ſtedfaſt minds to be admir'd,
The more they ſtayed be on ſtedfaſtneſs;
But baſeborn minds ſuch lamps regard the leſs,
Which at firſt blowing take not haſty fire;
Such fancies feel no love, but looſe deſire.

For Love is lord of Truth and Loyalty,
Lifting himſelf out of the lowly duſt
On golden plumes up to the pureſt ſky,
Above the reach of loathly ſinful luſt,
Whoſe baſe effect through cowardly diſtruſt
Of his weak wings dare not to heaven flie,
But like a moldwarp in the earth doth lie.

His dunghil thoughts, which do themſelves enure
To dirty droſs, no higher dare aſpire,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celeſtial fire
Which kindleth love in generous deſire,
And makes him mount above the native might
Of heavy earth, up to the heavens hight.

Such is the powre of that ſweet paſſion,
That it all ſordid baſeneſs doth expel,
And the refined mind doth newly faſhion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it ſelf excel,
Which he beholding ſtill with conſtant ſight,
Admires the mirrour of ſo heavenly light.

Whoſe image printing in his deepeſt wit,
He thereon feeds his hungry fantaſie,
Still full, yet never ſatisfide with it,
Like Tantale, that in ſtore doth ſtarved lie,
So doth he pine in moſt ſatiety;
For nought may quench his infinite deſire,
Once kindled through that firſt conceived fire.

Thereon his mind affixed wholly is,
He thinks on ought but how it to attain;
His care, his joy, his hope, is all on this,
That ſeems in it all bliſſes to contain,
In ſight whereof all other bliſs ſeems vain:
Thrice happy Man! might he the ſame poſſeſs,
He fains himſelf, and doth his fortune bleſs.

And though he do not win his wiſh to end,
Yet thus far happy he himſelf doth ween,
That heavens ſuch happy grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth ſo heavenly to have ſeen
His heart's enſhrined ſaint, his heaven's queen,
Fairer than faireſt, in his faining eye,
Whoſe ſole aſpect he counts felicity.

Then forth he caſts in his unquiet thought,
What he may do her favour to obtain;
What brave exploit, what peril hardly wrought,
What paiſſant conqueſt, what adventrous pain
May pleaſe her beſt, and grace unto him gain;
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune fears,
His faith, his fortune, in his breaſt he bears.

Thou art his god, thou art his mighty guide,
Thou, being blind, letſt him not ſee his fears,
But carrieſt him to that which he hath ey'd,
Through ſeas, through flames, through thouſand ſwords and ſpears:
Ne ought ſo ſtrong that may his force withſtand,
With which thou armeſt his reſiſtleſs hand.

Witneſs Leander in the Euxine waves,
And ſtout Æneas in the Trojan fire,
Achilles preſſing through the Phrygian glaves,
And Orpheus, daring to provoke the ire
Of damned fiends, to get his love retire;
For both through heaven and hell thou makeſt way,
To win them worſhip which do thee obay.

And if by all theſe perils and theſe pains
He may but purchaſe liking in her eye,
What heavens of joy then to himſelf he feigns!
Eftſoones he wipes quite out of memory
Whatever ill before he did aby:
Had it been death, yet would he die again,
To live thus happy as her grace to gain.

Yet when he hath found favour to his will,
He nathemore can ſo contented reſt,
But forceth further on, and ſtriveth ſtill
T' approach more near, till in her inmoſt breſt
He may emboſom'd be and loved beſt;
And yet not beſt, but to be lov'd alone;
For love cannot endure a paragone.

The fear whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled mind with more than helliſh pain!
And to his feigning fanſie repreſent
Sights never ſeen, and thouſand ſhadows vain,
To break his ſleep, and waſte his idle brain:
Thou that haſt never lov'd canſt not believe
Leaſt part of th' evils which poor lovers grieve.

The gnawing envy, the heart-fretting fear,
The vain ſurmiſes, the diſtruſtful ſhows,
The falſe reports that flying tales do bear,
The doubts, the dangers, the delays, the woes,
The feigned friends, the unaſſured foes,
With thouſands more than any tongue can tell,
Do make a lover's life a wretch's hell.

Yet is there one more curſed than they all,
That canker-worm, that monſter, Jealouſie,
Which eats the heart and feeds upon the gall,
Turning all Love's delight to miſery,
Through fear of loſing his felicity.
Ah, Gods! that ever ye that monſter placed
In gentle love, that all his joys defaced!

By theſe, O Love! thou doſt thy entrance make
Unto thy heaven, and doſt the more endear
Thy pleaſures unto thoſe which them partake,
As after ſtorms, when clouds begin to clear,
The ſun more bright and glorious doth appear;
So thou thy folk, through pains of Purgatory,
Doſt bear unto thy bliſs, and heaven's glory.

There thou them placeſt in a paradiſe
Of all delight and joyous happy reſt,
Where they do feed on nectar heavenly wiſe,
With Hercules and Hebe, and the reſt
Of Venus' dearlings, through her bounty bleſt,
And lie like gods in ivory beds arayd,
With roſe and lillies over them diſplayd.

There with thy daughter Pleaſure they do play
Their hurtleſs ſports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her ſnowy boſom boldly lay
Their quiet heads, devoid of guilty ſhame,
After full joyance of their gentle game;
Then her they crown their goddeſs and their queen,
And deck with flowers thy altars well beſeen.

Ay me! dear Lord! that ever I might hope,
For all the pains and woes that I endure,
To come at length unto the wiſhed ſcope
Of my deſire, or might myſelf aſſure
That happy port for ever to recure!
Then would I think theſe pains no pains at all,
And all my woes to be but penance ſmall.

Then would I ſing of thine immortal praiſe
An heavenly hymn, ſuch as the angels ſing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raiſe
'Bove all the gods, thee only honouring;
My guide, my god, my victor, and my king:
Till then, drad Lord! vouchſafe to take of me
This ſimple ſong, thus fram'd in praiſe of thee.

AN HYMN

IN HONOUR OF BEAUTY.

Ah! whither, Love! wilt thou now carry me?
What wontleſs fury doſt thou now inſpire
Into my feeble breaſt, too full of thee?
Whilſt ſeeking to aſlake thy raging fire
Thou in me kindleſt much more great deſire,
And up aloft above my ſtrength doſt raiſe
The wondrous matter of my fire to praiſe.

That as I earſt, in praiſe of thine own name,
So now in honour of thy mother dear
An honourable Hymn I eke ſhould frame,
And with the brightneſs of her beauty clear,
The raviſht hearts of gazeful men might rear
To admiration of that heavenly light
From whence proceeds ſuch ſoul-enchanting might.

Thereto do thou, great Goddeſs! queen of Beauty,
Mother of Love, and of all worlds delight,
Without whoſe ſovereign grace and kindly duty
Nothing on earth ſeems fair to fleſhly ſight,
Do thou vouchſafe with thy love-kindling light
T' illuminate my dim and dulled eyn,
And beautify this ſacred Hymn of thine:

That both to thee, to whom I mean it moſt,
And eke to her, whoſe fair immortal beam
Hath darted fire into my feeble ghoſt,
That now it waſted is with woe's extream,
It may ſo pleaſe, that ſhe at length will ſtream
Some dew of grace into my wither'd heart,
After long ſorrow and conſuming ſmart.

What time this world's great Workmaſter did caſt
To make all things ſuch as we now behold,
It ſeems that he before his eyes had plac'd
A goodly pattern, to whoſe perfect mould
He faſhion'd them as comely as he could,
That now ſo fair and ſeemly they appear,
As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous pattern, whereſoere it be,
Whether in earth laid up in ſecret ſtore,
Or elſe in heaven, that no man may it ſee
With ſinful eyes, for fear it to deflore,
Is perfect Beauty, which all men adore,
Whoſe face and feature doth ſo much excel
All mortal ſenſe, that none the ſame may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or leſs, by influence divine,
So it more fair accordingly it makes,
And the groſs matter of this earthly mine
Which cloſeth it thereafter doth refine,
Doing away the droſs which dimms the light
Of that fair beam which therein is empight.

For through infusion of celestial powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privily doth poure
Through all the parts, that to the looker's sight
They seem to please; that is thy sovereign might,
O Cyprian queen! which flowing from the beam
Of thy bright star, thou into them dost stream.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
To all things fair, that kindleth lively fire,
Light of thy lamp, which shining in the face,
Thence to the soul darts amorous desire,
And robs the hearts of those which it admire;
Therewith thou pointest thy son's pois'ned arrow,
That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainly then do idle wits invent,
That Beauty is nought else but mixture made
Of colours fair, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And pass away, like to a summer's shade;
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measur'd, with meet disposition?

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the heart,
And therein stir such rage and restless stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolorous smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both sense and reason blind?

Why do not then the bloſſoms of the field,
Which are arrayd with much more orient hue,
And to the ſenſe moſt dainty odours yield,
Work like impreſſion in the looker's view?
Or why do not fair pictures like powre ſhew,
In which oft-times we Nature ſee of Art
Excell'd, in perfect limming every part?

But ah! believe me there is more than ſo,
That works ſuch wonders in the minds of men;
I that have often prov'd too well it know,
And whoſo liſt the like aſſays to ken,
Shall find by trial, and confeſs it then,
That Beauty is not, as fond men miſdeem,
An outward ſhew of things that only ſeem.

For that ſame goodly hue of white and red,
With which the cheeks are ſprinkled, ſhall decay,
And thoſe ſweet roſie leaves, ſo fairly ſpred
Upon the lips, ſhall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay:
That golden wire, thoſe ſparkling ſtars ſo bright,
Shall turn to duſt, and loſe their goodly light.

But that fair lamp, from whoſe celeſtial ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth lovers' fire,
Shall never be extinguiſht nor decay,
But when the vital ſpirits do expire,
Unto her native planet ſhall retire;
For it is heavenly born, and cannot die,
Being a parcel of the pureſt ſky.

For when the ſoul, the which derived was,
At firſt, out of that great immortal Spright,
By whom all live to love, whylom did paſs
Down from the top of pureſt heaven's hight
To be embodied here, it then took light
And lively ſpirits from that faireſt ſtar
Which lights the world forth from his fiery car.

Which powre retaining ſtill or more or leſs,
When ſhe in fleſhly ſeed is eft enraced,
Through every part ſhe doth the ſame impreſs,
According as the heavens have her graced,
And frames her houſe, in which ſhe will be placed,
Fit for her ſelf, adorning it with ſpoil
Of th' heavenly riches which ſhe robb'd erewhile.

Thereof it comes that theſe fair ſouls, which have
The moſt reſemblance of that heavenly light,
Frame to themſelves moſt beautiful and brave
Their fleſhly bowre, moſt fit for their delight,
And the groſs matter by a ſovereign might
Temper ſo trim, that it may well be ſeen
A palace fit for ſuch a virgin queen.

So every ſpirit, as it is moſt pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearful grace and amiable ſight;
For of the ſoul the body form doth take;
For ſoul is form, and doth the body make.

Therefore where-ever that thou dost behold
A comely corpse, with beauty fair endewed,
Know this for certain, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soul, with fair conditions thewed,
Fit to receive the seed of vertue strewed;
For all that fair is is by nature good;
That is a sign to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falls that many a gentle mind
Dwells in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chance, against the course of kind,
Or through unaptness in the substance found,
Which it assumed of some stubborn ground,
That will not yield unto her form's direction,
But is perform'd with some foul imperfection.

And oft it falls, (ay me, the more to rue!)
That goodly Beauty, albe heavenly born,
Is foul abus'd, and that celestial hue
Which doth the world with her delight adorn,
Made but the bait of sin, and sinners' scorn,
Whilst every one doth seek and sue to have it,
But every one doth seek but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that fair Beauty's blame,
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested unto will:
Natheless the soul is fair and beauteous still,
However fleshes fault it filthy make,
For things immortal no corruption take.

But ye, fair Dames! the world's dear ornaments,
And lively images of heaven's light,
Let not your beams with ſuch diſparagements
Bedimm'd, and your bright glory darkned quite;
But mindful ſtill of your firſt country's ſight,
Do ſtill preſerve your firſt informed grace,
Whoſe ſhadow yet ſhines in your beauteous face.

Loath that foul blot, that helliſh firebrand,
Diſloyal luſt, fair Beauty's forleſt blame,
That baſe affection, which your ears would bland,
Commend to you by Love's abuſed name,
But is indeed the bond-ſlave of Defame,
Which will the girland of your glory mar,
And quench the ſight of your bright-ſhining ſtar.

But gentle Love, that loyal is and true,
Will more illumine your reſplendent ray,
And add more brightneſs to your goodly hue,
From light of his pure fire, which by like way
Kindled of your's, your likeneſs doth diſplay;
Like as two mirrours by oppos'd reflection,
Do both expreſs the face's firſt impreſſion.

Therefore to make your beauty more appear,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you ye bear,
That men the more admire their fountain may:
For elſe what booteth that celeſtial ray,
If it in darkneſs be enſhrined ever,
That it of loving eyes be viewed never?

But in your choice of loves this well adviſe,
That likeſt to your ſelves ye them ſelect,
The which your forms' firſt ſource may ſympathize,
And with like beauty's parts be inly deckt;
For if you looſely love, without reſpect,
It is not love, but a diſcordant war,
Whoſe unlike parts amongſt themſelves do jar.

For love is a celeſtial harmony
Of likely hearts compos'd of ſtars' concent,
Which join together in ſweet ſympathy,
To work each other's joy and true content,
Which they have harbour'd ſince their firſt deſcent
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did ſee
And know each other here belov'd to be.

Then wrong it were that any other twain
Should in Love's gentle band combined be
But thoſe whom Heaven did at firſt ordain,
And made out of one mould the more t'agree;
For all that like the beauty which they ſee
Straight do not love; for Love is not ſo light
As ſtraight to burn at firſt beholder's ſight.

But they which love indeed look otherwiſe,
With pure regard and ſpotleſs true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes
A more refined form, which they preſent
Unto their mind void of all blemiſhment;
Which it reducing to her firſt perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleſh's frail infection,

And then conforming it unto the light,
Which in it felf it hath remaining ftill,
Of that firft fun, yet fparkling in his fight,
Thereof he fafhions in his higher fkill
An heavenly beauty to his fancy's will,
And it embracing in his mind entire,
The mirrour of his own thought doth admire.

Which feeing now fo inly fair to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his fpirit's proportion to agree,
He thereon fixing all his fantafie,
And fully fetteth his felicity,
Counting it fairer than it is indeed,
And yet indeed her fairnefs doth exceed.

For lovers' eyes more fharply fighted be
Than other mens, and in dear love's delight
See more than any other eyes can fee,
Through mutual receipt of beames bright,
Which carry privy meffage to the fpright,
And to their eyes that inmoft fair difplay,
As plain as light difcovers dawning day.

Therein they fee, through amorous eye-glaunces,
Armies of Loves ftill flying to and fro,
Which dart at them their little fiery launces;
Whom having wounded, back again they go,
Carrying compaffion to their lovely foe;
Who feeing her fair eyes fo fharp effect,
Cures all their forrows with one fweet afpect.

In which how many wonders do they reed
To their conceit, that others never ſee?
Now of her ſmiles, with which their ſouls they feed,
Like gods with nectar in their banquets free;
Now of her looks, which like to cordials be;
But when her words' embaſſade forth ſhe ſends,
Lord, how ſweet muſick that unto them lends!

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
A thouſand graces maſking in delight,
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thouſand ſweet belgards, which to their ſight
Do ſeem like twinkling ſtars in froſty night;
But on her lips, like roſie buds in May,
So many millions of chaſte Pleaſures play.

All thoſe, O Cytherea! and thouſands more,
Thy handmaids be, which do on thee attend,
To deck thy beauty with their dainties' ſtore,
That may it more to mortal eyes commend,
And make it more admir'd of foe and friend,
That in mens hearts thou maiſt thy throne inſtall,
And ſpread thy lovely kingdom over all.

Then Io, triumph! O great Beauty's queen,
Advance the banner of thy conqueſt high,
That all this world, the which thy vaſſals been,
May draw to thee, and with due fealty
Adore the powre of thy great majeſty,
Singing this Hymn in honour of thy name,
Compil'd by me, which thy poor liegeman am.

In lieu whereof grant, O great Sovereign!
That ſhe whoſe conquering beauty doth captive
My trembling heart in her eternal chain,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
And this ſame life, which firſt from me ſhe reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it received.

And you, fair Venus' dearling, my dear Dread!
Freſh flowre of grace, great goddeſs of my life,
When your fair eyes theſe fearful lines ſhall read,
Deign to let fall one drop of due relief,
That may recure my heart's long pining grief,
And ſhew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can reſtore a damned wight from death.

AN HYMN

OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy heavens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy sovereign might,
Far above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly Hymn may sing
Unto the God of Love, high heaven's king.

Many lewd layes (ah! woe is me the more!)
In praise of that mad fit which fools call Love,
I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection move;
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly praises of true love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vain desire
To read my fault, and, wondring at my flame,
To warm your selves at my wide sparkling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame;
For who my passed follies now pursues,
Begins his own, and my old fault renews.

BEFORE this world's great frame, in which all things
Are now contain'd, found any being-place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mighty bound which doth embrace
The rolling ſphere, and parts their howers by ſpace,
That high eternal Powre, which now doth move
In all theſe things, mov'd in it ſelf by love.

It lov'd it ſelf, becauſe it ſelf was fair,
(For fair is lov'd) and of it ſelf begot
Like to it ſelf his eldeſt Son and heir,
Eternal, pure, and void of ſinful blot,
The firſtling of his joy, in whom no jot
Of love's diſlike or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equal honour crown'd.

With him he reign'd, before all time preſcribed,
In endleſs glory and immortal might,
Together with that third from them derived,
Moſt wiſe, moſt holy, moſt almighty Spright!
Whoſe kingdom's throne no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much leſs my trembling verſe
With equal words can hope it to reherſe.

Yet, O moſt bleſſed Spirit! pure lamp of light,
Eternal ſpring of grace and wiſdom true,
Vouchſafe to ſhed into my barren ſpright
Some little drop of thy celeſtial dew,
That may my rimes with ſweet infuſe embrew,
And give me words equal unto my thought,
To tell the marveils by thy mercy wrought.

Yet being pregnant ſtill with powreful grace,
And full of fruitful Love, that loves to get
Things like himſelf, and to enlarge his race,
His ſecond brood, though not of powre ſo great,
Yet full of beauty, next he did beget,
An infinite increaſe of angels bright,
All gliſtring glorious in their Maker's light.

To them the heavens' illimitable height
(Not this round heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adorn'd with thouſand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thouſand gemms of ſhining gold)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might ſerve him in eternal bliſs,
And be partakers of thoſe joys of his.

There they in their trinal triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the ſkies,
When he them on his meſſages doth ſend,
Or on his own drad preſence to attend,
Where they behold the glory of his light,
And caroll hymns of love both day and night.

Both day and night is unto them all one,
For he his beams doth unto them extend,
That darkneſs there appeareth never none;
Ne hath their day, ne hath their bliſs, an end,
But there their termleſs time in pleaſure ſpend;
Ne ever ſhould their happineſs decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to diſobay.

But pride, impatient of long reſting peace,
Did puff them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they 'gan caſt their ſtate how to increaſe
Above the fortune of their firſt condition,
And ſit in God's own ſeat without commiſſion:
The brighteſt angel, even the child of Light,
Drew millions more againſt their God to fight.

Th'Almighty, ſeeing their ſo bold aſſay,
Kindled the flame of his conſuming ire,
And with his only breath them blew away
From heaven's hight, to which they did aſpire,
To deepeſt hell, and lake of damned fire,
Where they in darkneſs and drad horror dwell,
Hating the happy light from which they fell.

So that next off-ſpring of the Maker's love,
Next to himſelf in glorious degree,
Degenering to hate, fell from above
Through pride, (for pride and love may ill agree)
And now of ſin to all enſample be:
How then can ſinful fleſh it ſelf aſſure,
Sith pureſt angels fell to be impure?

But that eternal fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodneſs unto all,
Now ſeeing left a waſte and empty place
In his wide palace, through thoſe angels' fall,
Caſt to ſupply the ſame, and to enſtall
A new unknowen colonie therein, [begin.
Whoſe root from earth's baſe ground-work ſhould

Therefore of clay, baſe, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous ſkill, and by his might,
According to an heavenly pattern wrought,
Which he had faſhion'd in his wiſe foreſight,
He man did make, and breath'd a living ſpright
Into his face, moſt beautiful and fair,
Endew'd with wiſdom, riches heavenly rare.

Such he him made, that he reſemble might
Himſelf, as mortal thing immortal could;
Him to be lord of every living wight
He made by love out of his own like mould,
In whom he might his mighty ſelf behold;
For Love doth love the thing belov'd to ſee,
That like it ſelf in lovely ſhape may be.

But man, forgetful of his Maker's grace
No leſs than angels, whom he did enſue,
Fell from the hope of promis'd heavenly place,
Into the mouth of Death, to ſinners due,
And all his off-ſpring into thraldom threw,
Where they for ever ſhould in bonds remain
Of never-dead yet ever-dying pain.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at firſt
Made of meer love, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurſt
In that deep horror of deſpaired hell,
Him, wretch, in dool would let no longer dwell,
But caſt out of that bondage to redeem,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreem.

Out of the boſom of eternal bliſs,
In which he reigned with his glorious ſire,
He down deſcended, like a moſt demiſs
And abject thrall, in fleſh's frail attire,
That he for him might pay ſin's deadly hire,
And him reſtore unto that happy ſtate
In which he ſtood before his hapleſs fate.

In fleſh at firſt the guilt committed was,
Therefore in fleſh it muſt be ſatisfide ;
Nor ſpirit, nor angel, though they man ſurpaſs,
Could make amends to God for man's miſguide,
But only man himſelf, whoſe ſelf did ſlide :
So taking fleſh of ſacred virgin's womb,
For man's dear ſake he did a man become.

And that moſt bleſſed body, which was born
Without all blemiſh or reproachful blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torn
Of cruel hands, who with deſpightful ſhame
Reviling him, that them moſt vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,
And ſlew the Juſt by moſt unjuſt decree.

O huge and moſt unſpeakable impreſſion
Of Love's deep wound, that pierſt the piteous heart
Of that dear Lord with ſo entire affection,
And ſharply launcing every inner part,
Dolours of death into his ſoul did dart,
Doing him die that never it deſerved,
To free his foes, that from his heaſt had ſwerved!

What heart can feel leaſt touch of ſo ſore launch,
Or thought can think the depth of ſo dear wound?
Whoſe bleeding ſource their ſtreams yet never ſtaunch,
But ſtill do flow, and freſhly ſtill redownd,
To heal the ſores of ſinful ſouls unſound,
And cleanſe the guilt of that infected crime
Which was enrooted in all fleſhly ſlime.

O bleſſed Well of Love! O Flowre of Grace!
O glorious Morning-Star! O Lamp of Light!
Moſt lively image of thy Father's face,
Eternal King of Glory, Lord of Might,
Meek Lamb of God, before all worlds behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy moſt precious blood?

Yet nought thou aſk'ſt in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of thy pain:
Aye me! what can us leſs than that behove?
Had he required life for us again,
Had it been wrong to aſk his own with gain?
He gave us life, he it reſtored loſt;
Then life were leaſt, that us ſo little coſt.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and bleſſed that was band,
Ne ought demands but that we loving be,
As he himſelf hath lov'd us afore-hand,
And bound thereto with an eternal band,
Him firſt to love that was ſo dearly bought,
And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Him firſt to love great right and reaſon is,
Who firſt to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amiſs,
Us wretches from the ſecond death did ſave;
And laſt, the food of life, which now we have,
Even he himſelf, in his dear ſacrament,
To feed our hungry ſouls, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
Of that ſelf mould and that ſelf Maker's hand
That we, and to the ſame again ſhall fade,
Where they ſhall have like heritage of land,
However here on higher ſteps we ſtand,
Which alſo were with ſelf-ſame price redeemed
That we, however of us light eſteemed.

And were they not, yet ſith that loving Lord
Commanded us to love them for his ſake,
Even for his ſake, and for his ſacred word,
Which in his laſt bequeſt he to us ſpake,
We ſhould them love, and with their needs partake,
Knowing that whatſoe'er to them we give,
We give to him by whom we all do live.

Such mercy he by his moſt holy reed
Unto us taught, and, to approve it true,
Enſampled it by his moſt righteous deed,
Shewing us mercy (miſerable crew!)
That we the like ſhould to the wretches ſhew,
And love our brethren, thereby to approve
How much himſelf that loved us we love.

Then rouze thy ſelf, O Earth! out of thy ſoil,
In which thou wallow'ſt like to filthy ſwine,
And dooſt thy mind in durty pleaſures moyl,
Unmindful of that deareſt Lord of thine;
Lift up to him thy heavy-clouded eyne,
That thou this ſoveraign bounty muſt behold,
And read through love his mercies manifold.

Begin from firſt, where he encradled was
In ſimple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toylful oxe and humble aſs,
And in what rags, and in how baſe array,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the ſilly ſhepherds came to ſee,
Whom greateſt princes ſought on loweſt knee.

From thence read on the ſtory of his life,
His humble carriage, his unfaulty ways,
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyl, his ſtrife,
His pains, his poverty, his ſharp aſſays,
Through which he paſt his miſerable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malic'd both of great and ſmall.

And look at laſt, how of moſt wretched wights
He taken was, betray'd, and falſe accuſed,
How with moſt ſcornful taunts, and fell deſpights
He was revil'd, diſgrac'd, and foul abuſed;
How ſcourg'd, how crown'd, how buffeted, how bruſed;
And, laſtly, how 'twixt robbers crucifide,
With bitter wound through hands, through feet, and ſide!

Then let thy flinty heart, that feels no pain,
Empierced be with pitiful remorſe,
And let thy bowels bleed in every vein
At ſight of his moſt ſacred heavenly corſe,
So torn and mangled with malicious force;
And let thy ſoul, whoſe ſins his ſorrows wrought,
Melt into tears, and grone in grieved thought.

With ſenſe whereof, whilſt ſo thy ſoftned ſpirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meek zeal
Through meditation of his endleſs merit,
Lift up thy mind to th'Author of thy weal,
And to his ſoveraign mercy do appeal;
Learn him to love that loved thee ſo dear,
And in thy breaſt his bleſſed image bear.

With all thy heart, with all thy ſoul and mind,
Thou muſt him love, and his beheaſts embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weak fancies, and ſtir up affections baſe,
Thou muſt renownce and utterly diſplace,
And give thy ſelf unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himſelf for thee.

Then ſhalt thou feel thy ſpirit ſo poſſeſt,
And raviſht with devouring great deſire
Of his dear ſelf, that ſhall thy feeble breaſt
Inflame with love, and ſet thee all on fire
With burning zeal, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou ſhalt delight,
But in his ſweet and amiable ſight.

Thenceforth all world's deſire will in thee die,
And all earth's glory, on which men do gaze,
Seem durt and droſs in thy pure-ſighted eye,
Compar'd to that celeſtial beauty's blaze,
Whoſe glorious beams all fleſhly ſenſe doth daze
With admiration of their paſſing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the ſpright.

Then ſhall thy raviſht ſoul inſpired be
With heavenly thoughts, far above humane ſkill,
And thy bright radiant eyes ſhall plainly ſee
Th' idee of his pure glory preſent ſtill
Before thy face, that all thy ſpirits ſhall fill
With ſweet enragement of celeſtial love,
Kindled through ſight of thoſe fair things above.

AN HYMN

OF HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

Rapt with the rage of mine own raviſht thought,
Through contemplation of thoſe goodly ſights,
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whoſe wondrous beauty, breathing ſweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceited ſprights,
I fain to tell the things that I behold,
But feel my wits to fail, and tongue to fold.

Vouchſafe then, O thou moſt Almighty Spright!
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To ſhed into my breaſt ſome ſparkling light
Of thine eternal truth, that I may ſhow
Some little beams to mortal eyes below
Of that immortal beauty, there with thee,
Which in my weak diſtraughted mind I ſee;

That with the glory of ſo goodly ſight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admire
Fair-ſeeming ſhews, and feed on vain delight,
Tranſported with celeſtial deſire
Of thoſe fair forms, may lift themſelves up higher,
And learn to love, with zealous humble duty,
Th' eternal fountain of that heavenly Beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' eaſie view
Of this baſe world, ſubject to fleſhly eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order due,
To contemplation of th' immortal ſkye;
Of the ſoar faulcon ſo I learn to flye,
That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath,
Till ſhe herſelf for ſtronger flight can breathe.

Then look who liſt, thy gazeful eyes to feed
With ſight of that is fair, look on the frame
Of this wide univerſe, and therein reed
The endleſs kinds of creatures which by name
Thou canſt not count, much leſs their natures aim,
All which are made with wondrous wiſe reſpect,
And all with admirable beauty deckt.

Firſt, th' earth, on adamantine pillers founded
Amid the ſea, engirt with braſen bands,
Then th' air ſtill flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On every ſide, with piles of flaming brands,
Never conſum'd, nor quencht with mortal hands;
And, laſt, that mighty ſhining cryſtal wall,
Wherewith he hath encompaſſed this all.

By view whereof it plainly may appear,
That ſtill as every thing doth upward tend,
And further is from earth, ſo ſtill more clear
And fair it grows, till to his perfect end
Of pureſt Beauty it at laſt aſcend;
Ayr more than water, fire much more than ayr,
And heaven than fire, appears more pure and fair.

Look thou no further, but affix thine eye
On that bright ſhiny round ſtill-moving maſs,
The houſe of bleſſed gods, which men call Skye,
All ſow'd with gliſtring ſtars more thick than graſs,
Whereof each other doth in brightneſs paſs,
But thoſe two moſt, which ruling night and day,
As king and queen the heaven's empire ſway;

And tell me then, what haſt thou ever ſeen
That to their beauty may compared be,
Or can the ſight that is moſt ſharp and keen
Endure their captain's flaming head to ſee?
How much leſs thoſe, much higher in degree,
And ſo much fairer, and much more than theſe,
As theſe are fairer than the land and ſeas?

For far above theſe heavens which here we ſee,
Be others, far exceeding theſe in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as theſe ſame be,
But infinite in largeneſs and in height,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and ſpotleſs bright,
That need no ſun t' illuminate their ſpheres,
But their own native light, far paſſing their's.

And as theſe heavens ſtill by degrees ariſe,
Until they come to their firſt Mover's bound,
That in his mighty compaſs doth compriſe,
And carry all the reſt with him around,
So thoſe likewiſe do by degrees redound,
And riſe more fair, till they at laſt arrive
To the moſt fair, whereto they all do ſtrive.

Fair is the heaven where happy ſouls have place,
In full enjoyment of felicity,
Whence they do ſtill behold the glorious face
Of the divine eternal Majeſty;
More fair is that where thoſe idees on hie
Enranged be which Plato ſo admired,
And pure intelligences from God inſpired.

Yet fairer is that heaven in which do reign
The ſovereign powers and mighty potentates,
Which in their high protections do contain
All mortal princes and imperial ſtates;
And fairer yet, whereas the royal ſeats
And heavenly dominations are ſet,
From whom all earthly governance is fet.

Yet far more fair be thoſe bright cherubims,
Which all with golden wings are over-dight,
And thoſe eternal burning ſeraphims,
Which from their faces dart out fiery light;
Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright,
Be th'angels and archangels, which attend
On God's own perſon without reſt or end.

Theſe thus in fair each other far excelling,
As to the higheſt they approach more near,
Yet is that higheſt far beyond all telling,
Fairer than all the reſt which there appear,
Though all their beauties joyn'd together were;
How then can mortal tongue hope to expreſs
The image of ſuch endleſs perfectneſs?

Ceaſe then, my Tongue! and lend unto my mind
Leave to bethink how great that Beauty is
Whoſe utmoſt parts ſo beautiful I find;
How much more thoſe eſſential parts of his,
His truth, his love, his wiſdom, and his bliſs,
His grace, his doom, his mercy, and his might,
By which he lends us of himſelf a ſight!

Thoſe unto all he daily doth diſplay,
And ſhew himſelf in th' image of his grace,
As in a looking-glaſs, through which he may
Be ſeen of all his creatures vile and baſe,
That are unable elſe to ſee his face,
His glorious face! which gliſtereth elſe ſo bright,
That th' angels ſelves cannot endure his ſight.

But we, frail wights! whoſe ſight cannot ſuſtain
The ſun-bright beams when he on us doth ſhine,
But that their points rebutted back again
Are dull'd, how can we ſee with feeble eyne
The glory of that majeſty divine,
In ſight of whom both ſun and moon are dark,
Compar'd to his leaſt reſplendent ſpark?

The means, therefore, which unto us is lent,
Him to behold, is on his works to look,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the ſame, as in a braſen book,
To read enregiſtred in every nook
His goodneſs, which his Beauty doth declare;
For all that's good is beautiful and fair.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect ſpeculation,
To imp the wings of thy high-flying mind,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
From this dark world, whoſe damps the ſoul do blind;
And like the native brood of eagles kind,
On that bright Sun of glory fix thine eyes,
Clear'd from groſs miſts of frail infirmities.

Humbled with fear and awful reverence,
Before the footſtool of his majeſty
Throw thy ſelf down with trembling innocence,
Ne dare look up with corruptible eye
On the drad face of that great Deity,
For fear leſt if he chance to look on thee
Thou turn to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercy-ſeat,
Cloſe cover'd with the Lamb's integrity
From the juſt wrath of his avengeful threat
That ſits upon the righteous throne on high;
His throne is built upon eternity,
More firm and durable than ſteel or braſs,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth paſs.

His ſcepter is the rod of righteouſneſs,
With which he bruſeth all his foes to duſt,
And the great Dragon ſtrongly doth repreſs,
Under the rigour of his judgment juſt;
His ſeat is Truth, to which the faithful truſt,
From whence proceed her beams ſo pure and bright,
That all about him ſheddeth glorious light.

Light far exceeding that bright blazing ſpark
Which darted is from Titan's flaming head,
That with his beams enlumineth the dark
And dampiſh air, whereby all things are red,
Whoſe nature yet ſo much is marvelled
Of mortal wits, that it doth much amaze
The greateſt wiſards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortal light which there doth ſhine
Is many thouſand times more bright, more clear,
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortal actions here,
And even the thoughts of men, do plain appear;
For from th' Eternal Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly vertue which her beams do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompaſſed around,
And hid in his own brightneſs from the ſight
Of all that look thereon with eyes unſound;
And underneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempeſtuous fire,
The inſtruments of his avenging ire.

There in his boſom Sapience doth ſit,
The ſovereign dearling of the Deity,
Clad like a queen in royal robes, moſt fit
For ſo great powre and peerleſs majeſty,
And all with gems and jewels gorgeouſly
Adorn'd, that brighter that the ſtars appear,
And make her native brightneſs ſeem more clear.

And on her head a crown of pureſt gold
Is ſet, in ſign of higheſt ſovereignty,
And in her hand a ſcepter ſhe doth hold,
With which ſhe rules the houſe of God on high,
And menageth the ever-moving ſky,
And in the ſame theſe lower creatures all
Subjected to her powre imperial.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both contain,
For of her fulneſs which the world doth fill
They all partake, and do in ſtate remain
As their great Maker did at firſt ordain,
Through obſervation of her high beheaſt,
By which they firſt were made and ſtill increaſt.

The fairneſs of her face no tongue can tell,
For ſhe the daughters of all women's race,
And angels eke, in beauty doth excell,
Sparkled on her from God's own glorious face,
And more increaſt by her own goodly grace,
That it doth far exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that painter (had he lived yet)
Which pictur'd Venus with ſo curious quill,
That all poſterity admired it,
Have pourtray'd this, for all his maiſtring ſkill;
Ne ſhe her ſelf, had ſhe remained ſtill,
And were as fair as fabling wits do feign,
Could once come near this Beauty ſovereign.

But had thoſe wits, the wonders of their days,
Or that ſweet Teian poet, which did ſpend
His plenteous vein in ſetting forth her praiſe,
Seen but a glimpſe of this which I pretend,
How wondrouſly would he her face commend,
Above that idole of his faining thought,
That all the world ſhould with his rimes be fraught!

How then dare I, the novice of his art,
Preſume to picture ſo divine a wight,
Or hope t'expreſs her leaſt perfection's part,
Whoſe beauty fills the heavens with her light,
And darks the earth with ſhadow of her ſight?
Ah, gentle Muſe! thou art too weak and faint
The pourtrait of ſo heavenly hue to paint.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold
And ſee at will, her ſovereign praiſes ſing,
And thoſe moſt ſacred myſteries unfold
Of that fair love of mighty heaven's King;
Enough is me t' admire ſo heavenly thing,
And being thus with her huge love poſſeſt,
In th' only wonder of her ſelf to reſt.

But whoſo may, thrice happy man him hold,
Of all on earth whom God ſo much doth grace,
And lets his own beloved to behold;
For in the view of her celeſtial face
All joy, all bliſs, all happineſs have place;
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight
Who of her ſelf can win the wiſhful ſight.

For ſhe, out of her ſecret treaſury,
Plenty of riches forth on him will pour,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden lie
Within the cloſet of her chaſteſt bowre,
Th' eternal portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all thoſe which thereof worthy be.

None thereof worthy be but thoſe whom ſhe
Vouchſafeth to her preſence to receive,
And letteth them her lovely face to ſee,
Whereof ſuch wondrous pleaſures they conceive,
And ſweet contentment, that it doth bereave
Their ſoul of ſenſe through infinite delight,
And them tranſport from fleſh into the ſpright.

In which they ſee ſuch admirable things,
As carries them into an extaſy,
And hear ſuch heavenly notes and carolings
Of God's high praiſe, that fills the braſen ſky,
And feel ſuch joy and pleaſure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And only think on that before them ſet.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleſhly ſenſe
Or idle thought of earthly things remain,
But all that earſt ſeem'd ſweet ſeems now offence,
And all that pleaſed earſt now ſeems to pain:
Their joy, their comfort, their deſire, their gain,
Is fixed all on that which now they ſee;
All other ſights but fained ſhadows be.

And that fair lamp which uſeth to enflame
The hearts of men with ſelf-conſuming fire,
Thenceforth ſeems foul, and full of ſinful blame;
And all that pomp to which proud minds aſpire
By name of Honour, and ſo much deſire,
Seems to them baſeneſs, and all riches droſs,
And all mirth ſadneſs, and all lucre loſs.

So full their eyes are of that glorious ſight,
And ſenſes fraught with ſuch ſatietie,
That in nought elſe on earth they can delight,
But in the aſpect of that felicitie,
Which they have written in their inward eye,
On which they feed, and in their faſt'ned mind
All happy joy and full contentment find.

Ah, then, my hungry Soul! which long haſt fed
On idle fancies of my fooliſh thought,
And with falſe Beauty's flattering bait miſled,
Haſt after vain deceitful ſhadows ſought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance through thy folly's prief,
Ah! ceaſe to gaze on matter of thy grief;

And look at laſt up to that ſovereign light
From whoſe pure beams all perfect Beauty ſprings,
That kindleth love in every godly ſpright,
Even the love of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world and theſe gay-ſeeming things,
With whoſe ſweet pleaſures being ſo poſſeſt,
Thy ſtraying thoughts henceforth for ever reſt.

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

I.

Being one day at my window all alone,
So many ſtrange things happened me to ſee,
As much it grieveth me to think thereon.
At my right hand a hind appear'd to me,
So fair as mote the greateſt god delite;
Two eager dogs did her purſue in chace,
Of which the one was black, the other white:
With deadly force ſo in their cruel race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beaſt,
That at the laſt, and in ſhort time I ſpide,
Under a rock where ſhe, alas! oppreſt,
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.
Cruel Death vanquiſhing ſo noble beauty,
Oft makes me wail ſo hard a deſtiny.

II.

After at ſea a tall ſhip did appear,
Made all of heben and white ivory;
The ſails of gold, of ſilk the tackle were;
Mild was the wind, calm ſeem'd the ſea to be,
The ſky each where did ſhow full bright and fair:
With rich treaſures this gay ſhip fraited was,
But ſudden ſtorm did ſo turmoil the air,
And tumbled up the ſea, that ſhe (alas!)
Strake on a rock that under water lay,
And periſhed paſt all recovery.
O how great ruth and ſorrowful aſſay
Doth vex my ſpirit with perplexity,
Thus in a moment to ſee loſt and dround
So great riches as like cannot be found!

III.

The heavenly branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and lusty laurel-tree,
Amidst the young green wood; of Paradise
Some noble plant I thought my self to see:
Such store of birds therein yshrouded were,
Chanting in shade their sundry melody,
That with their sweetness I was ravisht nere.
While on this laurel fixed was mine eye,
The sky 'gan every where to over-cast,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When sudden flash of heaven's fire out-brast,
And rent this royal tree quite by the root;
Which makes me much and ever to complain,
For no such shadow shall be had again.

IV.

Within this wood, out of a rock, did rise
A spring of water, mildly tumbling d[illegible]
Whereto approached not in any wise
The homely shepherd nor the ruder clown,
But many Muses, and the Nymphs withal,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft sounding of the waters fall,
That my glad heart thereat did much rejoyce.
But while therein I took my chief delight,
I saw (alas!) the gaping earth devour
The spring, the place, and all clean out of sight,
Which yet aggrieves my heart even to this hour,
And wounds my soul with ruful memory,
To see such pleasures gone so suddenly.

V.

I ſaw a phœnix in the wood alone,
With purple wings and creſt of golden hue;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of ſome heavenly wight I had the view,
Until he came unto the broken tree,
And to the ſpring that late devoured was.
What ſay I more? Each thing at laſt we ſee
Doth paſs away: the phœnix there (alas!)
Spying the tree deſtroid, the water dride,
Himſelf ſmote with his beak, as in diſdain,
And ſo forthwith in great deſpite he dide,
That yet my heart burns in exceeding pain,
For ruth and pity of ſo hapleſs plight.
O let mine eyes no more ſee ſuch a ſight!

VI.

At laſt, ſo fair a lady did I ſpy,
That thinking yet on her I burn and quake;
On herbs and flowres ſhe walked penſively,
Mild, but yet love ſhe proudly did forſake:
White ſeem'd her robes, yet woven ſo they were,
As ſnow and gold together had been wrought.
Above the waſte a dark cloud ſhrouded her,
A ſtinging ſerpent by the heel her caught,
Wherewith ſhe languiſht as the gather'd flowre,
And well aſſur'd ſhe mounted up to joy.
Alas! on earth ſo nothing doth endure,
But bitter grief and ſorrowful annoy,
Which make this life wretched and miſerable,
Toſſed with ſtorms of fortune variable.

VII.

When I beheld this tickle truſtleſs ſtate
Of vain world's glory, flitting to and fro,
And mortal men toſſed by troublous Fate,
In reſtleſs ſeas of wretchedneſs and woe,
I wiſh I might this weary life forgo,
And ſhortly turn unto my happy reſt,
Where my free ſpirit might not any mo
Be vext with ſights that do her peace moleſt.
And ye, fair Lady! in whoſe bounteous breſt
All heavenly grace and vertue ſhrined is,
When ye theſe rimes do read, and view the reſt,
Loath this baſe world, and think of heaven's bliſs;
And though ye be the faireſt of God's creatures,
Yet think that death ſhall ſpoil your goodly features.

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

I.

It was the time when Reſt, ſoft ſliding down
From heaven's height into mens heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulneſs of ſleep doth drown
The careful thoughts of mortal miſeries,
Then did a ghoſt before mine eyes appear,
On that great river's bank that runs by Rome,
Which calling me by name, bade me to rear
My looks to heaven, whence all good gifts do come;
And crying loud, Lo! now behold (quoth he)
What under this great temple placed is!
Lo, all is nought but flying vanity!
So I, that know this world's inconſtancies,
Sith only God ſurmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do ſtay.

II.

On high hill's top I ſaw a ſtately frame,
An hundred cubits high by juſt aſſize.
With hundred pillours fronting fair the ſame,
All wrought with diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
But ſhining cryſtal, which from top to baſe
Out of her womb a thouſand rayons threw,
One hundred ſteps of Afric gold's enchaſe:
Gold was the parget, and the cieling bright
Did ſhine all ſcaly with great plates of gold;
The floor of jaſp and emerauld was dight.
O world's vainneſs! whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake ſhook the hill from loweſt ſeat,
And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

III.

Then did a ſharped ſpire of diamond bright,
Ten feet each way in ſquare, appear to me,
Juſtly proportion'd up unto his hight,
So far as archer might his level ſee:
The top thereof a pot did ſeem to bear,
Made of the metal which we all do honour,
And in this golden veſſel couched were
The aſhes of a mighty emperour.
Upon four corners of the baſe were pight,
To bear the frame, four lyons great, of gold,
A worthy tomb for ſuch a worthy wight:
Alas! this world doth nought but grievance hold.
I ſaw a tempeſt from the heaven deſcend,
Which this brave monument with flaſh did rend.

IV.

I ſaw rais'd up on ivory pillors tall,
Whoſe baſes were of richeſt metals wark,
The chapters alabaſter, the fryſes cryſtal,
The double front of a triumphal ark:
On each ſide pourtraid was a Victory,
Clad like a nymph, that wings of ſilver wears,
And in triumphant chair was ſet on hy
The antient glory of the Roman peers.
No work it ſeem'd of earthly craftſman's wit,
But rather wrought by his own induſtry
That thunder darts for Jove his ſire, doth fit.
Let me no more ſee fair thing under ſky,
Sith that mine eyes have ſeen ſo fair a ſight
With ſuddain fall to duſt conſumed quight.

V.

Then was the fair Dodonian tree far ſeen,
Upon ſeven hills to ſpred his gladſom gleam,
And conquerors bedecked with his green,
Along the banks of the Auſonian ſtream:
There many an ancient trophy was addreſt,
And many a ſpoil, and many a goodly ſhow,
Which that brave race's greatneſs did atteſt,
That whilom from the Trojan blood did flow.
Raviſht I was ſo rare a thing to view,
When, lo! a barbarous troup of clowniſh fone
The honour of theſe noble bows down threw:
Under the wedge I heard the trunk to groan;
And ſince I ſaw the root in great diſdain
A twin of forked trees ſend forth again.

VI.

I ſaw a wolf under a rocky cave
Nurſing two whelps; I ſaw her little ones
In wanton dalliance the teat to crave,
While ſhe her neck wreath'd from them for the nones:
I ſaw her range abroad to ſeek her food,
And roming through the field with greedy rage
T'embrew her teeth and claws with lukewarm blood
Of the ſmall heards, her thirſt for to aſſwage:
I ſaw a thouſand huntſmen, which deſcended
Down from the mountains bord'ring Lombardy,
That with an hundred ſpears her flank wide rended:
I ſaw her on the plain outſtretched lie,
Throwing out thouſand throbs in her own ſoil;
Soon on a tree uphang'd I ſaw her ſpoil.

VII.

I ſaw the bird that can the ſun endure,
With feeble wings aſſay to mount on hight,
By more and more ſhe 'gan her wings t'aſſure,
Following th'entample of her mother's ſight:
I ſaw her riſe, and with a larger flight
To pierce the clouds, and with wide pinneons
To meaſure the moſt haughty mountain's hight,
Until ſhe raught the god's own manſions;
There was ſhe loſt, when ſuddain I beheld,
Where tumbling through the air in fiery fold,
All flaming down ſhe on the plain was feld,
And ſoon her body turn'd to aſhes cold.
I ſaw the fowl that doth the light deſpiſe,
Out of her duſt like to a worm ariſe.

VIII.

I ſaw a river ſwift, whoſe feamy billows
Did waſh the ground-work of an old great wall;
I ſaw it cover'd all with griſly ſhadows,
That with black horror did the air appall;
There-out a ſtrange beaſt with ſeven heads aroſe,
That towns and caſtles under [illegible]
And ſeem'd both milder beaſts and [illegible]
Alike with equal ravin to devour.
Much was I maz'd to ſee this monſter's kind
In hundred forms to change his fearful hue,
Whenas at length I ſaw the wrathful wind,
Which blows cold ſtorms, burſt out of Scythian mew,
That ſperſt theſe clouds, and in ſo ſhort as thought,
This dreadful ſhape was vaniſhed to nought.

IX.

Then all aſtonied with this mighty ghoaſt,
An hideous body big and ſtrong I ſaw,
With ſide-long beard, and locks down hanging loaſt,
Stern face, and front full of Saturn-like awe,
Who leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pour'd forth a water whoſe out-guſhing flood
Ran bathing all the creaky ſhore aflot,
Whereon the Trojan prince ſpilt Turnus' blood;
And at his feet a bitch-wolf ſuck did yield
To two young babes: his left the palm-tree ſtout,
His right hand did the peaceful olive wield,
And head with laurel garniſht was about:
Sudden both palm and olive fell away,
And fair green laurel-branch did quite decay.

X.

Hard by a river's ſide a virgin fair,
Folding her arms to heaven with thouſand throbs,
And outraging her cheeks and golden hair,
To falling rivers' ſound thus tun'd her ſobs.
Where is (quoth ſhe) this whilom honored face?
Where the great glory and the ancient praiſe
In which all worlds felicity had place,
When gods and men my honour up did raiſe?
Suffic'd it not that civil wars me made
The whole world's ſpoil, but that this hydra new,
Of hundred Hercules' to be aſſaid,
With ſeven heads, budding monſtrous crimes anew,
So many Neroes and Caligulas
Out of theſe crooked ſhores muſt daily raiſe?

XI.

Upon an hill a bright flame I did ſee,
Waving aloft with triple point to ſky,
Which like incenſe of precious cedar tree,
With balmy odours fill'd th' air far and nigh:
A bird all white, well feather'd on each wing,
Here-out up to the throne of gods did fly,
And all the way moſt pleaſant notes did ſing,
Whilſt in the ſmoak ſhe unto heaven did ſty.
Of this fair fire the ſcattered rays forth threw
On every ſide a thouſand ſhining beams,
When ſudden dropping of a ſilver dew [flames,
(O grievous chance!) 'gan quench thoſe precious
That it which earſt ſo pleaſant ſcent did yield,
Of nothing now but noyous ſulphur ſmeld.

XII.

I ſaw a ſpring out of a rock forth rall,
As clear as cryſtal, 'gainſt the ſunny beams,
The bottom yellow, like the golden grail
That bright Pactolus waſheth with his ſtreams;
It ſeem'd that Art and Nature had aſſembled
All pleaſures there for which man's heart could long,
And there a noiſe alluring ſleep ſoft trembled,
Of many accords, more ſweet than mermaids' ſong:
The ſeats and benches ſhone of ivory,
And hundred nymphs ſat ſide by ſide about,
When from nigh hills, with hideous outcry,
A troup of Satyrs in the place did rout,
Which with their villain feet the ſtream did ray,
Threw down the ſeats, and drove the nymphs away.

XIII.

Much richer than that veſſel ſeem'd to be
Which did to that ſad Florentine appear,
Caſting mine eyes far off, I chanc'd to ſee,
Upon the Latine coaſt her ſelf to rear;
But ſuddenly aroſe a tempeſt great,
Bearing cloſe envy to theſe riches rare,
Which 'gan aſſail this ſhip with dreadful threat,
This ſhip, to which none other might compare;
And finally, the ſtorm impetuous
Sunk up theſe riches, ſecond unto none,
Within the gulf of greedy Nereus:
I ſaw both ſhip and mariners each one,
And all that treaſure, drowned in the main;
But I the ſhip ſaw after raiſ'd again.

XIV.

Long having deeply gron'd theſe viſions ſad,
I ſaw a city like unto that ſame
Which ſaw the meſſenger of tydings glad,
But that on ſand was built the goodly frame:
It ſeem'd her top the firmament did raiſe,
And no leſs rich than fair, right worthy ſure
(If ought were worthy) of immortal days,
Or if ought under heaven might firm endure.
Much wondered I to ſee ſo fair a wall,
When from the northern coaſt a ſtorm aroſe,
Which breathing fury from his inward gall
On all, which did againſt his courſe oppoſe,
Into a cloud of duſt ſperſt in the air
The weak foundations of this city fair.

XV.

At length, even at the time when Morpheus
Moſt truly doth unto our eyes appear,
Weary to ſee the heavens ſtill wavering thus,
I ſaw Typhæus' ſiſter coming near,
Whoſe head full bravely with a morion hid,
Did ſeem to match the gods in majeſtic;
She by a river's bank, that ſwift down ſlid,
O'er all the world did raiſe a trophee hie;
An hundred vanquiſht kings under her lay,
With arms bound at their backs in ſhameful wiſe.
Whilſt I thus mazed was with great affray,
I ſaw the heavens in war againſt her riſe,
Then down ſhe ſtriken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noiſe I wakt in ſudden wonder.

VISIONS OF THE WORLD'S VANITY.

I.

One day, whiles that my daily cares did ſleep,
My ſpirit, ſhaking off her earthly priſon,
Began to enter meditation deep
Of things exceeding reach of common reaſon,
Such as this age, in which all good is geaſon,
And all that humble is and mean debac'd,
Hath brought forth in her laſt declining ſeaſon,
Grief of good minds, to ſee goodneſs diſgrac'd:
On which whenas my thought was throughly plac'd,
Unto my eyes ſtrange ſhows preſented were,
Picturing that which I in mind embrac'd,
That yet thoſe ſights empaſſion me full nere:
Such as they were (fair Lady!) take in worth,
That when time ſerves may bring things better forth.

II.

In ſummer's day, when Phœbus fairly ſhone,
I ſaw a bull as white as driven ſnow,
With gilden horns embowed like the moon,
In a freſh flowring meadow lying low;
Up to his ears the verdant graſs did grow,
And the gay flowres did offer to be eaten,
But he with fatneſs ſo did overflow,
That he, all wallowed in the weeds down beaten,
Ne car'd with them his dainty lips to ſweeten;
Till that a brize, a ſcorned little creature,
Through his fair hide his angry ſting did threaten,
And vext ſo ſore, that all his goodly feature
And all his plenteous paſture nought him pleaſed:
So by the ſmall the great is oft diſeaſed.

III

Beſide the fruitful ſhore of muddy Nile,
Upon a ſunny bank outſtretched lay,
A monſtrous length, a mighty crocodile,
That, cramm'd with guiltleſs blood and greedy pray
Of wretched people travailing that way,
Thought all things leſs than his diſdainful pride:
I ſaw a little bird, call'd Tedula,
The leaſt of thouſands which on earth abide,
That forc'd this hideous beaſt to open wide
The grieſly gates of his devouring hell,
And let him feed, as Nature doth provide,
Upon his jaws, that with black venom ſwell.
Why then ſhould greateſt things the leaſt diſdain,
Sith that ſo ſmall ſo mighty can conſtrain?

IV.

The kingly bird, that bears Jove's thunder-clap,
One day did ſcorn the ſimple ſcarabee,
Proud of his higheſt ſervice and good hap,
That made all other fowls his thralls to be;
The ſilly fly, that no redreſs did ſee,
Spy'd where the eagle built his towring neſt,
And kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt up his young ones, and himſelf diſtreſt,
Ne ſuffred him in any place to reſt,
But drove in Jove's own lap his eggs to lay,
Where gathering alſo filth him to infeſt,
Forc'd with the filth his eggs to fling away;
For which when as the fowl was wroth, ſaid Jove,
Lo! how the leaſt the greateſt may reprove.

V.

Toward the ſea turning my troubled eye,
I ſaw the fiſh (if fiſh I may it cleep)
That makes the ſea before his face to fly,
And with his flaggy fins doth ſeem to ſweep
The foamy waves out of the dreadful deep,
The huge leviathan, Dame Nature's wonder,
Making his ſport, that many makes to weep;
A ſword-fiſh ſmall him from the reſt did ſunder,
That in his throat him pricking ſoftly under,
His wide abyſs him forced forth to ſpew,
That all the ſea did roar like heaven's thunder,
And all the waves were ſtain'd with filthy hue.
Hereby I learned have not to deſpiſe
What-ever thing ſeems ſmall in common eyes.

VI.

An hideous dragon, dreadful to behold,
Whoſe back was arm'd againſt the dint of ſpear,
With ſhields of braſs, that ſhone like burniſh'd gold,
And forked ſting, that death in it did bear,
Strove with a ſpider, his unequal peer,
And bad defiance to his enemy:
The ſubtil vermin, creeping cloſely near,
Did in his drink ſhed poiſon privily,
Which through his entrails ſpreading diverſly,
Made him to ſwell, that nigh his bowels burſt,
And him enforc'd to yield the victory,
That did ſo much in his own greatneſs truſt.
O how great vainneſs is it then to ſcorn
The weak, that hath the ſtrong ſo oft forlorn!

VII.

High on a hill a goodly cedar grew,
Of wondrous length and ſtraight proportion,
That far abroad her dainty odours threw;
'Mongſt all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beauty was not any one:
Shortly within her inmoſt pith there bred
A little wicked worm, perceiv'd of none,
That on her ſap and vital moiſture fed:
Thenceforth her garland, ſo much honoured,
Began to die, (O great ruth for the ſame!)
And her fair locks fell from her lofty head,
That ſhortly bald and bared ſhe became.
I, which this ſight beheld, was much diſmay'd
To ſee ſo goodly thing ſo ſoon decay'd.

VIII.

Soon after this, I ſaw an elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and boſſes gorgeouſly,
That on his back did bear (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, which ſhone exceedingly,
That he himſelf, through fooliſh vanity,
Both for his rich attire and goodly form,
Was puffed up with paſſing ſurquedry,
And ſhortly 'gan all other beaſts to ſcorn;
Till that a little ant, a ſilly worm,
Into his noſtrils creeping, ſo him pain'd,
That caſting down his towres, he did deform
Both borrow'd pride, and native beauty ſtain'd.
Let therefore nought that great is therein glory,
Sith ſo ſmall thing his happineſs may vary.

IX.

Looking far forth into the ocean wide,
A goodly ſhip, with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant, I eſpide,
Through the main ſea making her merry flight;
Fair blew the wind into her boſom right,
And th' heavens looked lovely all the while,
That ſhe did ſeem to dance, as in delight,
And at her own felicity did ſmile:
All ſuddenly there clove unto her keel
A little fiſh, that men call Remora,
Which ſtopt her courſe, and held her by the heel,
That wind nor tide could move her thence away.
Strange thing me ſeemeth that ſo ſmall a thing
Should able be ſo great an one to wring.

X.

A mighty lion, lord of all the wood,
Having his hunger throughly ſatisfy'd
With prey of beaſts and ſpoil of living blood,
Safe in his dreadleſs den him thought to hide:
His ſternneſs was his praiſe, his ſtrength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruel claws:
I ſaw a waſp, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battail even to his jaws;
Sore he him ſtung, that it the blood forth draws,
And his proud heart is fill'd with fretting ire;
In vain he threats his teeth, his tail, his paws,
And from his bloody eyes doth ſparkle fire,
That dead himſelf he wiſhed for deſpight:
So weakeſt may annoy the moſt of might.

XI.

What time the Roman empire bore the reign
Of all the world, and flouriſh'd moſt in might,
The nations 'gan their ſovereignty diſdain,
And caſt to quit them from their bondage quite;
So when all ſhrouded were in ſilent night,
The Gauls were, by corrupting of a maid,
Poſſeſs'd nigh of the Capitol through ſlight,
Had not a gooſe the treachery bewraid:
If then a gooſe great Rome from ruin ſtaid,
And Jove himſelf, the patron of the place,
Preſerv'd from being to his foes betraid,
Why do vain men mean things ſo much deface,
And in their might repoſe their moſt aſſurance,
Sith nought on earth can challenge long endurance?

XII.

When theſe ſad ſights were over-paſt and gone,
My ſpright was greatly moved in her reſt,
With inward ruth and dear affection,
To ſee ſo great things by ſo ſmall diſtreſt:
Thenceforth I 'gan in my engrieved breaſt
To ſcorn all difference of great and ſmall,
Sith that the greateſt often are oppreſt,
And unawares do into danger fall.
And ye, that read theſe Ruines tragical,
Learn by their loſs to love the low degree,
And if that Fortune chance you up to call
To Honour's ſeat, forget not what ye be;
For he that of himſelf is moſt ſecure,
Shall find his ſtate moſt fickle and unſure.

PROSOPOPOIA:

OR, MOTHER HUBBERD'S TALE.

To the Right Honourable

THE LADY COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

MOST fair and vertuous Lady! having often fought opportunity, by fome good means, to make known to your Ladyfhip the humble affection and faithful duty which I have always profeffed, and am bound to bear to that houfe from whence ye fpring, I have at length found occafion to remember the fame, by making a fimple prefent to you of thefe my idle labours; which having long fithens compofed in the raw conceit of my youth, I lately, amongft other papers, lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the fame, moved to fet them forth. Simple is the device, and the compofition mean, yet carrieth fome delight; even the rather becaufe of the fimplicity and meannefs thus perfonated. The fame I befeech your Ladyfhip take in good part, as a pledge of that profeffion which I have made to you, and keep with you, until, with fome other more worthy labour, I do redeem it out of your hands, and difcharge my utmoft duty. Till then, wifhing your Ladyfhip all increafe of honour and happinefs, I humbly take leave.

Your Ladyfhip's ever humbly,

ED. SPENSER.

It was the month in which the righteous maid,
That for difdain of finful world's upbraid
Fled back to heaven, whence fhe was firft conceived,
Into her filver bower the fun received,

And the hot Syrian dog on him awaiting,
After the chafed lion's cruel baiting,
Corrupted had th'air with his noisom breath,
And pour'd on th'earth plague, pestilence, and death.
Emongst the rest, a wicked malady
Reign'd emongst men, that many did to die,
Depriv'd of sense and ordinary reason,
That it to leeches seemed strange and geason.
My fortune was, 'mongst many others moe,
To be partaker of their common woe,
And my weak body, set on fire with grief,
Was robb'd of rest and natural relief.
In this ill plight there came to visit me
Some friends, who, sorry my sad case to see,
Began to comfort me in chearful wise,
And means of gladsom solace to devise;
But seeing kindly Sleep refuse to do
His office, and my feeble eyes forgo,
They sought my troubled sense how to deceave
With talk, that might unquiet fancies reave;
And sitting all on seats about me round,
With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
They cast in course to waste the weary hours:
Some told of ladies and their paramours;
Some of brave knights and their renowned squires;
Some of the Fairies and their strange attires;
And some of giants, hard to be believed;
That the delight thereof me much relieved.
Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
Hight Mother Hubberd, who did far surpass

The reſt in honeſt mirth, that ſeem'd her well:
She, when her turn was come her tale to tell,
Told of a ſtrange adventure that betided
Betwixt the fox and th' ape, by him miſguided,
The which for that my ſenſe it greatly pleaſed,
All were my ſpirit heavy and diſeaſed,
I'le write in terms as ſhe the ſame did ſay,
So well as I her words remember may:
No Muſe's aid me needs here-to to call;
Baſe is the ſtyle, and matter mean withal.
" Whylom (ſaid ſhe) before the world was civil,
The Fox and th' Ape, diſliking of their evil
And hard eſtate, determined to ſeek
Their fortunes far abroad, lyeke with his lyeke;
For both were crafty and unhappy witted;
Two fellows might no where be better fitted.
The Fox, that firſt this cauſe of grief did find,
'Gan firſt thus plain his caſe with words unkind.
Neighbour Ape, and my Goſſip eke beſide,
(Both two ſure bands in friendſhip to be ty'd)
To whom may I more truſtely complain
The evil plight that doth me ſore conſtrain,
And hope thereof to find due remedy?
Hear then my pain and inward agony.
Thus many years I now have ſpent and worn
In mean regard and baſeſt fortune's ſcorn,
Doing my country ſervice as I might,
No leſs, I dare ſay, than the proudeſt wight,
And ſtill I hoped to be up advanced
For my good parts, but ſtill it hath miſchanced:

Now therefore, that no lenger hope I ſee,
But froward Fortune ſtill to follow me,
And loſels lifted high where I did look,
I mean to turn the next leaf of the book;
Yet ere that any way I do betake,
I mean my goſſip privy firſt to make.
  Ah! my dear Goſſip, (anſwer'd then the Ape)
Deeply do your ſad words my wits awhape,
Both for becauſe your grief doth great appear,
And eke becauſe my ſelf am touched near;
For I likewiſe have waſted much good time,
Still waiting to preferment up to clime,
Whilſt others always have before me ſtept,
And from my beard the fat away have ſwept,
That now unto deſpair I 'gin to grow,
And mean for better wind about to throw;
Therefore to me, my truſty Friend, aread
Thy counſel: two is better than one head.
  Certes (ſaid he) I mean me to diſguize
In ſome ſtrange habit, after uncouth wize,
Or like a pilgrim or a lymiter,
Or like a gipſen or a juggeler,
And ſo to wander to the worldes end,
To ſeek my fortune where I may it mend,
For worſe than that I have I cannot meet:
Wide is the world I wote, and every ſtreet
Is full of fortunes and adventures ſtraunge,
Continually ſubject unto chaunge.
Say, my fair Brother, now, if this device
Do like you, or may you to like entice,

Surely (ſaid th' Ape) it likes me wondrous well,
And would ye not poor fellowſhip expell,
My ſelf would offer you t' accompany
In this adventure's chanceful jeopardy,
For to wex old at home in idleneſs
Is diſadventrous, and quite fortuneleſs:
Abroad where change is, good may gotten be.
The Fox was glad, and quickly did agree;
So both reſolv'd the morrow next enſuing,
So ſoon as day appear'd to peoples viewing,
On their intended journey to proceed,
And over night, what-ſo thereto did need,
Each did prepare in readineſs to be.
The morrow next, ſo ſoon as one might ſee
Light out of heaven's windows forth to look,
Both their habiliments unto them took,
And put themſelves (a God's name) on their way,
When-as the Ape beginning well to wey
This hard adventure, thus began t'adviſe.
Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wiſe,
What courſe ye ween is beſt for us to take,
That for our ſelves we may a living make.
Whether ſhall we profeſs ſome trade or ſkill,
Or ſhall we vary our device at will,
Even as new occaſion appears?
Or ſhall we tie our ſelves for certain years
To any ſervice, or to any place?
For it behoves, ere that into the race
We enter, to reſolve firſt hereupon.
Now, ſurely, Brother, (ſaid the Fox anon)

Ye have this matter motioned in ſeaſon;
For every thing that is begun with reaſon
Will come by ready means unto his end,
But things miſcounſelled muſt needs miſwend.
Thus therefore I adviſe upon the caſe,
That not to any certain trade or place,
Nor any man, we ſhould our ſelves apply;
For why ſhould he that is at liberty
Make himſelf bond: ſith then we are free-born,
Let us all ſervile baſe ſubjection ſcorn,
And as we be ſons of the world ſo wide,
Let us our fathers heritage divide,
And challenge to our ſelves our portions dew
Of all the patrimony, which a few
Now hold in hugger-mugger in their hand,
And all the reſt do rob of good and land;
For now a few have all, and all have nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought;
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it ſo by inſtitution
Ordained firſt, ne by the law of Nature,
But that ſhe gave like bleſſing to each creature,
As well of worldly livelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor ſtrife,
Nor ought call'd mine or thine: thrice happy then
Was the condition of mortal men:
That was the Golden Age of Saturn old,
But this might better be the world of Gold;
For without gold now nothing will be got;
Therefore (if pleaſe you) this ſhall be our plot;

We will not be of any occupation,
Let ſuch vile vaſſals, born to baſe vocation,
Drudge in the world, and for their living droyle,
Which have no wit to live withouten toyle;
But we will walk about the world at pleaſure,
Like two free-men, and make our eaſe our treaſure.
Free-men ſome beggers call; but they be free,
And they which call them ſo more beggers be:
For they do ſwink and ſweat to feed the other,
Who live like lords of that which they do gather,
And yet do never thank them for the ſame,
But as their due by Nature do it clame.
Such will we faſhion both ourſelves to be,
Lords of the world, and ſo will wander free
Where-ſo us liſteth, uncontroll'd of any:
Hard is our hap if we (emongſt ſo many)
Light not on ſome that may our ſtate amend;
Sildom but ſome good cometh ere the end.
  Well ſeem'd the Ape to like this ordinaunce;
Yet well conſidering of the circumſtaunce,
As pauſing in great doubt a while he ſtaid,
And afterward with grave advizement ſaid;
I cannot, my lief Brother, like but well
The purpoſe of the complot which ye tell;
For well I wot (compar'd to all the reſt
Of each degree) that beggars' life is beſt,
And they that think themſelves the beſt of all,
Oft-times to begging are content to fall:
But this I wote withal, that we ſhall ronne
Into great daunger, like to be undonne,

Wildly to wander thus in the world's eye,
Withouten paſport or good warrantye;
For fear leſt we like rogues ſhould be reputed,
And for ear-marked beaſts abroad be bruted,
Therefore I read that we our counſels call,
How to prevent this miſchief ere it fall,
And how we may with moſt ſecurity
Beg amongſt thoſe that beggers do defy.
Right well, dear Goſſip, ye adviſed have,
(Said then the Fox) but I this doubt will ſave;
For ere we farther paſs, I will deviſe
A paſport for us both in fitteſt wiſe,
And by the names of ſoldiers us protect,
That now is thought a civil begging ſect.
Be you the ſouldier, for you likeſt are
For manly ſemblance and ſmall ſkill in war;
I will but wait on you, and as occaſion
Falls out, my ſelf fit for the ſame will faſhion.
The paſport ended, both they forward went,
The Ape clad ſouldier-like, fit for th' intent,
In a blue jacket with a croſs of red;
And many ſlits, as if that he had ſhed
Much blood through many wounds therein received,
Which had the uſe of his right arm bereaved;
Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
With a plume feather all to pieces tore;
His breeches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugeſe, looſe like an empty gut;
And his hoſe broken high above the heeling,
And his ſhooes beaten out with traveling:

But neither ſword nor dagger he did bear;
Seems that no foe's revengement he did fear:
In ſtead of them a handſom bat he held,
On which he leaned, as one far in eld:
Shame light on him that through ſo falſe illuſion
Doth turn the name of Souldiers to abuſion,
And that which is the nobleſt myſterie
Brings to reproach and common infamie.
  Long they thus travelled, yet never met
Adventure which might them a working ſet;
Yet many ways they ſought, and many try'd,
Yet for their purpoſes none fit eſpy'd.
At laſt they chaunc'd to meet upon the way
A ſimple huſband-man in garments gray;
Yet though his veſture were but mean and baſe,
A good yeoman he was, of honeſt place,
And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing:
Gay without good is good heart's greateſt loathing.
The Fox him ſpying bade the Ape him dight
To play his part, for loe he was in ſight
That (if he err'd not) ſhould them entertain,
And yield them timely profit for their pain.
Eftſoons the Ape himſelf 'gan to uprear,
And on his ſhoulders high his bat to bear,
As if good ſervice he were fit to do,
But little thrift for him he did it to;
And ſtoutly forward he his ſteps did ſtrain,
That like a handſom ſwain it him became.
When-as they nigh approached that good man
Seeing them wander looſely, firſt began

T'enquire, of cuſtom, what and whence they were?
To whom the Ape, I am a souldiere,
That late in war have ſpent my deareſt blood,
And in long ſervice loſt both limbs and good,
And now conſtrain'd that trade to over-give,
I driven am to ſeek ſome means to live;
Which might it you in pity pleaſe t'afford,
I would be ready, both in deed and word,
To do you faithful ſervice all my days.
This yron world (that ſame he weeping ſays)
Brings down the ſtouteſt hearts to loweſt ſtate;
For miſery doth braveſt minds abate,
And make them ſeek for that they wont to ſcorn,
Of fortune and of hope at once forlorn.
The honeſt man, that heard him thus complain,
Was griev'd, as he had felt part of his pain,
And, well diſpos'd him ſome relief to ſhow,
Aſkt if in huſbandry he ought did know,
To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to ſow,
To hedg, to ditch, to threſh, to thatch, to mow,
Or to what labour elſe he was prepar'd?
For huſband's life is labourous and hard.
When-as the Ape him heard ſo much to talk
Of labour, that did from his liking balk,
He would have ſlipt the coller handſomly,
And to him ſaid, Good Sir! full glad am I
To take what pains may any living wight,
But my late maimed limbs lack wonted might
To do their kindly ſervices as needeth;
Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth,

So that it may no painful work endure,
Ne to ſtrong labour can it ſelf enure;
But if that any other place you have,
Which aſks ſmall pains, but thriftineſs to ſave,
Or care to overlook, or thruſt to gather,
Ye may me truſt as your own ghoſtly father.
With that the huſband-man 'gan him avize,
That it for him was fitteſt exerciſe
Cattle to keep, or grounds to over-ſee,
And aſked him if he could willing be
To keep his ſheep, or to attend his ſwine,
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kine?
Gladly (ſaid he) whatever ſuch like pain
Ye put on me, I will the ſame ſuſtain;
But gladlieſt I of your fleecy ſheep
(Might it you pleaſe) would take on me to keep;
For ere that unto arms I me betook,
Unto my father's ſheep I us'd to look,
That yet the ſkill thereof I have not loſt;
There-to right well this curdog, by my coſt,
(Meaning the Fox) will ſerve my ſheep to gather,
And drive to follow after their belwether.
The huſband-man was meanly well content
Tryal to make of his endeavourment,
And home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his flock, with liberty full large,
Giving account of the annual increaſe
Both of their lambs and of their woolly fleece.
Thus is this Ape become a ſhepherd ſwain,
And the falſe Fox his dog; God give them pain,

For ere the year have half his courſe out-run,
And do return from whence he firſt begun,
They ſhall him make an ill account of thrift.
  Now when-as time flying with winges ſwift,
Expired had the term that theſe two javels
Should render up a reckning of their travels
Unto their maſter, which it of them ſought,
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
Ne wiſt what anſwer unto him to frame,
Ne how to ſcape great puniſhment or ſhame
For their falſe treaſon and vile thievery;
For not a lamb of all their flock's ſupply
Had they to ſhew, but ever as they bred
They ſlew them, and upon their fleſhes fed;
For that diſguiſed dog lov'd blood to ſpill,
And drew the wicked ſhepherd to his will;
So twixt them both they not a lamkin left,
And when lambs fail'd, the old ſheep's lives they reft;
That how t'acquit themſelves unto their lord
They were in doubt, and flatly ſet abord.
The Fox then counſel'd th' Ape for to require
Reſpite till morrow t' anſwer his deſire;
For time's delay new hope of help ſtill breeds.
The good man granted, doubting nought their deeds,
And bade next day that all ſhould ready be;
But they more ſubtil meaning had than he;
For the next morrow's meed they cloſely ment,
For fear of afterclaps, for to prevent;
And that ſame evening, when all ſhrouded were
In careleſs ſleep, they without care or fear

Cruelly fell upon their flock in fold,
And of them ſlew at pleaſure what they wold;
Of which when as they feaſted had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,
They ſtole away, and took their haſty flight,
Carry'd in clouds of all-concealing night.
So was the huſband-man left to his loſs,
And they unto their fortune's change to toſs.
After which ſort they wandered long while,
Abuſing many through their cloaked guile,
That at the laſt they 'gan to be deſcry'd
Of every one, and all their ſleights eſpy'd,
So as their begging now them failed quite,
For none would give, but all men would them wite;
Yet would they take no pains to get their living,
But ſeek ſome other way to gain by giving;
Much like to begging, but much better named,
For many beg which are thereof aſhamed.
And now the Fox had gotten him a gown,
And th' Ape a caſſock ſide-long hanging down,
For they their occupation meant to change,
And now in other ſtate abroad to range;
For ſince their ſouldier's paſs no better ſped,
They forg'd another, as for clerks book-red:
Who paſſing forth, as their adventures fell,
Through many haps which needs not here to tell,
At length chanc'd with a formal prieſt to meet,
Whom they in civil manner firſt did greet,
And after aſkt an alms for God's dear love.
The man ſtraight-way his choler up did move,

And with reproachful terms 'gan them revile
For following that trade so base and vile,
And askt what licence or what pass they had?
Ah! (said the Ape, as sighing wondrous sad)
It's an hard case when men of good deserving
Must either driven be perforce to sterving,
Or asked for their pass by every squib
That list at will them to revile or snib;
And yet (God wote) small odds I often see
'Twixt them that ask and them that asked be.
Nath'less, because you shall not us misdeem,
But that we are as honest as we seem,
Ye shall our pasport at your pleasure see,
And then ye will (I hope) well moved be.
Which when the priest beheld, he view'd it nere,
As if therein some text he studying were,
But little else (God wote) could thereof skill,
For read he could not evidence nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one tittle worse, ne make one better:
Of such deep learning little had he need,
Ne yet of Latin, ne of Greek, that breed
Doubts mongst divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diversity of sects,
And hateful heresies, of God abhor'd;
But this good Sir did follow the plain word,
Ne medled with their controversies vain;
All his care was his service well to sain,
And to read homelies on holy-days;
When that was done, he might attend his plays:

An eaſy life, and fit high God to pleaſe.
He, having over-lookt their paſs at eaſe,
'Gan at the length them to rebuke again,
That no good trade of life did entertain,
But loſt their time in wandring looſe abroad,
Seeing the world, in which they bootleſs boad,
Had ways enow for all therein to live,
Such grace did God unto his creatures give.
  Said then the Fox, Who hath the world not tride,
From the right way full eath may wander wide;
We are but novices new come abroad,
We have not yet the tract of any troad,
Nor on us taken any ſtate of life,
But ready are of any to make prief:
Therefore might pleaſe you, which the world have proved,
Us to adviſe, which forth but lately moved,
Of ſome good courſe, that we might undertake,
Ye ſhall for ever us your bondmen make.
  The prieſt 'gan wex half proud to be ſo praid,
And thereby willing to afford them aid;
It ſeems (ſaid he) right well that ye be clerks,
Both by your witty words and by your werks:
Is not that name enough to make a living
To him that hath a whit of Nature's giving?
How many honeſt men ſee ye ariſe
Daily thereby, and grow to goodly prize?
To deans, to archdeacons, to commiſſaries,
To lords, to principals, to prebendaries?
All jolly prelates, worthy rule to bear,
Who ever them envie; yet ſpite bites near:

Why ſhould ye doubt then but that ye likewiſe
Might unto ſome of thoſe in time ariſe?
In the mean time to live in good eſtate,
Loving that love, and hating thoſe that hate,
Being ſome honeſt curate, or ſome vicar,
Content with little in condition ſicker.
Ah! but (ſaid th' Ape) the charge is wondrous great
To feed mens ſouls, and hath an heavy threat.
To feed mens ſouls (quoth he) is not in man,
For they muſt feed themſelves, do what we can;
We are but charg'd to lay the meat before;
Eat they that liſt, we need to do no more.
But God it is that feeds them with his grace,
The bread of life pour'd down from heavenly place;
Therefore ſaid he that with the budding rod
Did rule the Jews, "All ſhall be taught of God."
That ſame hath Jeſus Chriſt now to him raught,
By whom the flock is rightly fed and taught;
He is the Shepherd, and the Prieſt is he;
We but his ſhepherd ſwains ordain'd to be:
Therefore herewith do not your ſelf diſmay;
Ne is the pains ſo great but bear ye may;
For not ſo great as it was wont of yore
It's now adays, ne half ſo ſtraight and ſore:
They whylom uſed duly every day
Their ſervice and their holy things to ſay
At morn and even, beſides their anthems ſweet,
Their peny maſſes, and their complynes meet,
Their dirges, their trentals, and their ſhrifts,
Their memories, their ſingings, and their gifts:

Now all theſe needleſs works are laid away;
Now once a week, upon the Sabbath-day,
It is enough to do our ſmall devotion,
And then to follow any merry motion.
Ne are we tyed to faſt but when we liſt,
Ne to wear garments baſe, of wollen twiſt,
But with the fineſt ſilks us to aray,
That before God we may appear more gay,
Reſembling Aaron's glory in his place;
For far unfit it is that perſons baſe
Should with vile clothes approach God's majeſtie,
Whom no uncleanneſs may approachen nie,
Or that all men which any maſter ſerve,
Good garments for their ſervice ſhould deſerve;
But he that ſerves the Lord of Hoaſts moſt high,
And that in higheſt place t' approach him nigh,
And all the people's prayers to preſent
Before his throne, as on ambaſſage ſent
Both to and fro, ſhould not deſerve to wear
A garment better than of wool or hair.
Beſide, we may have lying by our ſides
Our lovely laſſes, or bright ſhining brides:
We be not tyde to wilful chaſtity,
But have the goſpel of free liberty.
  By that he ended had his ghoſtly ſermon,
The Fox was well induc'd to be a parſon,
And of the prieſt eftſoons 'gan to enquire
How to a benefice he might aſpire?
Marry, there (ſaid the prieſt) is art indeed;
Much good deep learning one thereout may reed;

For that the ground-work is and end of all,
How to obtain a beneficial.
Firſt, therefore, when ye have in handſom wiſe
Your ſelves attired, as you can deviſe,
Then to ſome noble man your ſelf apply,
Or other great one in the worldes eye,
That hath a zealous diſpoſition
To God, and ſo to his religion;
There muſt thou faſhion eke a godly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrays reveale,
For each thing fained ought more wary be;
There thou muſt walk in ſober gravitie,
And ſeem as ſaint-like as Saint Radegund;
Faſt much, pray oft, look lowly on the ground,
And unto every one do curteſie meek.
Theſe looks (nought ſaying) do a benefice ſeek,
And be thou ſure one not to lack ere long.
But if thee liſt unto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped prey,
Then muſt thou thee diſpoſe another way;
For there thou needs muſt learn to laugh, to lye,
To face, to forge, to ſcoff, to company,
To crouch, to pleaſe, to be a beetle-ſtock
Of thy great maſter's will, to ſcorn, to mock;
So maiſt thou chance mock out a benefice,
Unleſs thou canſt one conjure by device,
Or caſt a figure for a biſhoprick;
And if one could, it were but a ſchool-trick.
Theſe be the ways by which without reward
Livings in courts be gotten, though full hard;

For nothing there is done without a fee:
The courtier needs muſt recompenced be
With a benevolence, or have in gage
The *primitias* of your parſonage:
Scarce can a biſhoprick forpaſs them by,
But that it muſt be gelt in privity.
Do not thou, therefore, ſeek a living there,
But of more private perſons ſeek elſewhere,
Whereas thou mayſt compound a better peny,
Ne let thy learning queſtion'd be of any:
For ſome good gentleman that hath the right
Unto his church for to preſent a wight,
Will cope with thee in reaſonable wiſe,
That if the living yearly do ariſe
To forty pound, that then his youngeſt ſon
Shall twenty have, and twenty thou haſt won;
Thou haſt it won, for it is of frank gift,
And he will care for all the reſt to ſhift,
Both that the biſhop may admit of thee,
And that therein thou maiſt maintained be.
This is the way for one that is unlearn'd
Living to get, and not to be diſcern'd;
But they that are great clerks have nearer ways,
For learning-ſake to living them to raiſe:
Yet many eke of them (God wot) are driven
T' accept a benefice in pieces riven.
How ſay'ſt thou (Friend) have I not well diſcourſt
Upon this common-place (though plain, not wourſt)?
Better a ſhort tale than a bad long ſhriving;
Needs any more to learn to get a living?

Now ſure, and by my hallidom, (quoth he)
Ye a great maſter are in your degree;
Great thanks I yield you for your diſcipline,
And do not doubt but duly to incline
My wits thereto, as ye ſhall ſhortly hear.
The prieſt him wiſh'd good ſpeed, and well to fare;
So parted they as either's way them led.
But th' Ape and Fox e'er long ſo well them ſped,
Through the prieſt's wholeſom counſel lately taught,
And through their own fair handling wiſely wrought,
That they a benefice 'twixt them obtained,
And crafty Reynold was a prieſt ordained,
And th' Ape his Pariſh-Clark procur'd to be;
Then made they revel-rout and goodly glee:
But e'er long time had paſſed, they ſo ill
Did order their affairs, that th' evil-will
Of all their pariſh'ners they had conſtrain'd,
Who to the Ordinary of them complain'd,
How foully they their offices abus'd,
And them of crimes and hereſies accus'd,
That Purſivants he often for them ſent;
But they neglecting his commandement,
So long perſiſted obſtinate and bold,
Till at the length he publiſhed to hold
A Viſitation, and them cited thether;
Then was high time their wits about to gether.
What did they then but made a compoſition
With their next neighbour prieſt for light condition,
To whom their living they reſigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night.

So paſſing through the country in diſguiſe,
They fled far off, where none might them ſurprize,
And after that long ſtrayed here and there,
Through every field and foreſt far and near,
Yet never found occaſion for their tourn,
But almoſt ſterv'd, did much lament and mourn.
At laſt they chanc'd to meet upon the way
The mule all deck'd in goodly rich array,
With bells and boſſes that full loudly rung,
And coſtly trappings that to ground down hung:
Lowly they him ſaluted in meek wiſe,
But he through pride and fatneſs 'gan deſpiſe
Their meanneſs, ſcarce vouchſaf'd them to requite:
Whereat the Fox, deep groaning in his ſprite,
Said, Ah! Sir Mule, now bleſſed be the day
That I ſee you ſo goodly and ſo gay
In your attires, and eke your ſilken hyde
Fill'd with round fleſh, that every bone doth hide;
Seems that in fruitful paſtures ye do live,
Or Fortune doth you ſecret favour give.
  Fooliſh Fox (ſaid the Mule) thy wretched need
Praiſeth the thing that doth thy ſorrow breed,
For well I ween thou canſt not but envy
My wealth, compar'd to thine own miſery,
That art ſo lean and meagre waxen late,
That ſcarce thy legs uphold thy feeble gate.
  Ay me! (ſaid then the Fox) whom evil hap
Unworthy in ſuch wretchedneſs doth wrap,
And makes the ſcorn of other beaſts to be;
But read (fair Sir! of grace) from whence come ye?

Or what of tydings you abroad do hear?
News may perhaps ſome good unweeting bear.
From royal court I lately came (ſaid he)
Where all the bravery that eye may ſee,
And all the happineſs that heart deſire,
Is to be found; he nothing can admire
That hath not ſeen that heaven's pourtracture;
But tydings there is none, I you aſſure,
Save that which common is, and known to all,
That courtiers, as the tide, do riſe and fall.
But tell us (ſaid the Ape) we do you pray,
Who now in court doth bear the greateſt ſway,
That if ſuch fortune do to us befall,
We may ſeek favour of the beſt of all.
Marry (ſaid he) the higheſt now in grace
Be the wild beaſts that ſwifteſt are in chace,
For in their ſpeedy courſe and nimble flight
The lion now doth take the moſt delight,
But chiefly joys on foot them to behold,
Enchaſte with chain and circulet of gold;
So wild a beaſt ſo tame ytaught to be,
And buxom to his bands, is joy to ſee;
So well his golden circlet him beſeemeth,
But his late chain his liege unmeet eſteemeth,
For ſo brave beaſts he loveth beſt to ſee
In the wild foreſt raunging freſh and free:
Therefore if fortune thee in court to live,
In caſe thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
To ſome of theſe thou muſt thy ſelf apply,
Elſe as a thiſtle-down in th' air doth fly,

So vainly ſhalt thou to and fro be toſt,
And loſe thy labour and thy fruitleſs coſt:
And yet full few that follow them I ſee
For vertue's bare regard advaunced be,
But either for ſome gainful benefit,
Or that they may for their own turns be fit;
Nathleſs perhaps, ye things may handle ſo,
That ye may better thrive than thouſands moe.
  But (ſaid the Ape) how ſhall we firſt come in,
That after we may favour ſeek to win?
  How elſe (ſaid he) but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a ſtately pace,
That men may think of you in general,
That to be in you which is not at all;
For not by that which is the world now deemeth,
(As it was wont) but by that ſame that ſeemeth:
Ne do I doubt but that ye well can faſhion
Your ſelves thereto according to occaſion:
So fare ye well, good courtiers may ye be;
So proudly neighing, from them parted he.
  Then 'gan this crafty couple to devize
How for the court themſelves they might aguize,
For thither they themſelves meant to addreſs,
In hope to find there happier ſucceſs:
So well they ſhifted, that the Ape anon
Himſelf had cloathed like a gentleman,
And the ſly Fox, as like to be his groome,
That to the court in ſpeedy ſort they come;
Where the fond Ape himſelf uprearing high
Upon his tiptoes, ſtalketh ſtately by,

As if he were ſome great Magnifico,
And boldly doth amongſt the boldeſt go;
And his man Reynold, with fine counterfeſaunce,
Supports his credit and his countenaunce.
Then 'gan the courtiers gaze on every ſide,
And ſtare on him with big looks baſen wide,
Wondring what miſter wight he was, and whence,
For he was clad in ſtrange accouſtrements,
Faſhion'd with queint deviſes, never ſeen
In court before, yet there all faſhions been;
Yet he them in newfangleneſs did paſs:
But his behaviour altogether was
Alla turcheſca, much the more admir'd,
And his looks loftie, as if he aſpir'd
To dignity, and 'ſdeign'd the low degree,
That all which did ſuch ſtrangeneſs in him ſee,
By ſecret means 'gan of his ſtate enquire,
And privily his ſervant thereto hire,
Who, throughly arm'd againſt ſuch coverture,
Reported unto all that he was ſure
A noble gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long travel far'd,
And ſeen the manners of all beaſts on ground,
Now here arriv'd, to ſee if like he found.
Thus did the Ape at firſt him credit gain,
Which afterwards he wiſely did maintain
With gallant ſhow, and daily more augment
Through his fine feats and courtly complement;
For he could play, and dance, and vaute, and ſpring,
And all that elſe pertains to revelling,

Only through kindly aptneſs of his joints:
Beſides, he could do many other points,
The which in court him ſerved to good ſtead;
For he 'mongſt ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands, and merry leaſings tell,
And juggle finely, that became him well;
But he ſo light was at leger-demain,
That what he touch'd came not to light again;
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly look,
And tell them that they greatly him miſtook:
So would he ſcoff them out with mockery,
For he therein had great felicity,
And with ſharp quips joy'd others to deface,
Thinking that their diſgracing did him grace;
So whilſt that other like vain wits he pleaſed,
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eaſed:
But the right gentle mind would bite his lip,
To hear the javel ſo good men to nip;
For though the vulgar yield an open ear,
And common courtiers love to gybe and flear
At every thing which they hear ſpoken ill,
And the beſt ſpeeches with ill-meaning ſpill,
Yet the brave courtier, in whoſe beauteous thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath ſuch baſe condition, to backbite
Any's good name for envy or deſpite;
He ſtands on terms of honourable mind,
Ne will be carried with the common wind
Of court's inconſtant mutability,
Ne after every tatling fable fly,

But hears and ſees the follies of the reſt,
And thereof gathers for himſelf the beſt:
He will not creep, nor crouch with fained face,
But walks upright with comely ſtedfaſt pace,
And unto all doth yield due courteſie,
But not with kiſſed hand below the knee,
As that ſame apiſh crue is wont to do,
For he diſdains himſelf t' embaſe there-to:
He hates foul leaſings and vile flattery,
Two filthy blots in noble gentery;
And loathful idleneſs he doth deteſt,
The canker-worm of every gentle breſt;
The which to baniſh with fair exerciſe
Of knightly feats he daily doth deviſe;
Now menaging the mouths of ſtubborn ſteeds,
Now practiſing the proof of warlike deeds;
Now his bright arms aſſaying, now his ſpear,
Now the nigh-aimed ring away to bear;
At other times he caſts to ſue the chace
Of ſwift wild beaſts, or run on foot a race,
T'enlarge his breath, (large breath in arms moſt need-
Or elſe by wreſtling to wex ſtrong and heedful; [ful)
Or his ſtiff arms to ſtretch with eughen bow,
And manly legs ſtill paſſing to and fro,
Without a gowned beaſt him faſt beſide,
A vain enſample of the Perſian pride,
Who after he had won th' Aſſyrian foe,
Did ever after ſcorn on foot to go.
Thus when this courtly gentleman with toil
Himſelf hath wearied, he doth recoil

Unto his reſt, and there with ſweet delight
Of muſick's ſkill revives his toiled ſpright,
Or elſe with loves and ladies gentle ſports,
The joy of youth, himſelf he recomforts;
Or, laſtly, when the body liſt to pauſe,
His mind unto the Muſes he withdraws;
Sweet lady Muſes! ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light,
With whom he cloſe confers with wiſe diſcourſe
Of Nature's works, of heaven's continual courſe,
Of foreign lands, of people different,
Of kingdoms' change, of divers government,
Of dreadful battails of renowned knights,
With which he kindleth his ambitious ſprights
To like deſire and praiſe of noble fame,
The only up-ſhot whereto he doth aim;
For all his mind on honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his purpoſes,
And in his prince's ſervice ſpends his days,
Not ſo much for to gain, or for to raiſe
Himſelf to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to win worthy place,
Through due deſerts and comely carriage,
In whatſo pleaſe employ his perſonage,
That may be matter meet to gain him praiſe;
For he is fit to uſe in all aſſays,
Whether for arms and warlike amenance,
Or elſe for wiſe and civil governance;
For he is practiz'd well in policy,
And thereto doth his courting moſt apply;

To learn the enterdeale of princes ſtrange,
To mark th' intent of counſels, and the change
Of ſtates, and eke of private men ſome-while,
Supplanted by fine falſhood and fair guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the ſtorehouſe of his powerful wit,
Which through wiſe ſpeeches and grave conference
He daily ekes, and brings to excellence.
  Such is the rightful courtier in his kind;
But unto ſuch the Ape lent not his mind;
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would diſcry his leud conditions;
But the young luſty gallants he did choſe
To follow, meet to whom he might diſcloſe
His witleſs pleaſance and ill-pleaſing vein.
A thouſand ways he them could entertain,
With all the thriftleſs games that may be found,
With mumming and with maſking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards far unfit,
With ſhuttlecocks, miſſeeming manly wit,
With courtizans and coſtly riotize,
Whereof ſtill ſomewhat to his ſhare did rize;
Ne them to pleaſure, would he ſometimes ſcorn
A pandar's coat; (ſo baſely was he born)
There-to he could fine loving verſes frame,
And play the poet oft. But, ah! for ſhame,
Let not ſweet poets praiſe, whoſe only pride
Is vertue to advance, and vice deride,
Be with the work of loſels' wit defamed,
Ne let ſuch verſes poetry be named?

Yet he the name on him would raſhly take,
Maugre the ſacred Muſes, and it make
A ſervant to the vile affection
Of ſuch as he depended moſt upon,
And with the ſugry ſweet thereof allure
Chaſte ladies' ears to fantaſies impure.
To ſuch delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vain humours fed
With fruitleſs follies and unſound delights;
But if perhaps into their noble ſprights
Deſire of honour or brave thought of arms
Did ever creep, then with his wicked charms
And ſtrong conceits he would it drive away,
Ne ſuffer it to houſe there half a day:
And when-ſo love of letters did inſpire
Their gentle wits, and kindle wiſe deſire,
That chiefly doth each noble mind adorn,
Then he would ſcoff at learning, and eke ſcorn
The ſectaries thereof, as people baſe,
And ſimple men, which never came in place
Of world's affairs, but, in dark corners mew'd,
Mutter'd of matters as their books them ſhew'd,
Ne other knowledge ever did attain,
But with their gowns their gravity maintain.
From them he would his impudent lewd ſpeach
Againſt God's holy miniſters oft reach,
And mock divines and their profeſſion:
What elſe then did he by progreſſion
But mock high God himſelf, whom they profeſs?
But what car'd he for God or godlineſs?

All his care was himſelf how to advance,
And to uphold his courtly countenance
By all the cunning means he could deviſe;
Were it by honeſt ways or otherwiſe,
He made ſmall choice; yet ſure his honeſty
Got him ſmall gains, but ſhameleſs flattery,
And filthy brocage, and unſeemly ſhifts,
And borrow baſe, and ſome good ladies' gifts;
But the beſt help which chiefly him ſuſtain'd
Was his man Reynold's purchaſe which he gain'd;
For he was ſchool'd by kind in all the ſkill
Of cloſe conveyance, and each practice ill
Of cooſinage and cleanly knavery,
Which oft maintain'd his maſter's bravery.
Beſides, he us'd another ſlippery ſleight,
In taking on himſelf in common ſight
Falſe perſonages, fit for every ſted,
With which he thouſands cleanly cooſined;
Now like a merchant, merchants to deceave,
With whom his credit he did often leave
In gage for his gay maſter's hopeleſs det;
Now like a lawyer, when he land would let,
Or ſell fee-ſimples in his maſter's name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the ſame;
Then would he be a broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win:
Then would he ſeem a farmer, that would ſell
Bargains of woods which he did lately fell,
Or corn, or cattle, or ſuch other ware,
There-by to cooſin men not well aware;

Of all the which there came a ſecret fee
To th'Ape, that he his countenance might be.
Beſides all this, he us'd oft to beguile
Poor ſuters that in court did haunt ſome while,
For he would learn their buſineſs ſecretly,
And then inform his maſter haſtily,
That he by means might caſt them to prevent,
And beg the ſute the which the other ment:
Or otherwiſe, falſe Reynold would abuſe
The ſimple ſuter, and wiſh him to chuſe
His maſter, being one of great regard
In court, to compaſs any ſute not hard,
In caſe his pains were recompenc'd with reaſon;
So would he work the ſilly man by treaſon
To buy his maſter's frivolous good-will,
That had not power to do him good or ill.
  So pitiful a thing is ſuters' ſtate!
Moſt miſerable man! whom wicked Fate
Hath brought to court to ſue for had-ywiſt,
That few have found, and many one hath miſt;
Full little knoweſt thou that haſt not tride,
What hell it is in ſuing long to bide;
To loſe good days that might be better ſpent,
To waſte long nights in penſive diſcontent;
To ſpeed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and ſorrow;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers;
To have thy aſking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy ſoul with croſſes and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortleſs deſpairs;

To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to ronne,
To ſpend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
Unhappy wight, born to diſaſtrous end,
That doth his life in ſo long tendance ſpend.
Who-ever leaves ſweet home, where mean eſtate
In ſafe aſſurance, without ſtrife or hate,
Finds all things needful for contentment meek,
And will to court for ſhadows vain to ſeek,
Or hope to gain, himſelf a daw will try;
That curſe God ſend unto mine enemy:
For none but ſuch as this bold Ape unbleſt
Can ever thrive in that unlucky queſt,
Or ſuch as hath a Reynold to his man,
That by his ſhifts his maſter furniſh can.
  But yet this Fox could not ſo cloſely hide
His crafty feats, but that they were deſcride
At length, by ſuch as ſate in Juſtice' ſeat,
Who for the ſame him foully did entreat,
And having worthily him puniſhed,
Out of the court for ever baniſhed.
And now the Ape, wanting his huckſter-man,
That wont provide his neceſſaries, 'gan
To grow into great lack, ne could up-hold
His countenance in thoſe his garments old;
Ne new ones could he eaſily provide,
Though all men him uncaſed 'gan deride,
Like as a puppit placed in a play,
Whoſe part once paſt, all men bid take away,
So that he driven was to great diſtreſs,
And ſhortly brought to hopeleſs wretchedneſs.

Then cloſely as he might he caſt to leave
The court, not aſking any paſs or leave,
But ran away in his rent rags by night,
Ne ever ſtaid in place, ne ſpake to wight,
Till that the Fox his copeſmate he had found,
To whom complaining his unhappy ſtound,
At laſt again with him in travel join'd,
And with him far'd, ſome better chance to find:
So in the world long time they wandered,
And mickle want and hardneſs ſuffered,
That them repented much ſo fooliſhly
To come ſo far to ſeek for miſery,
And leave the ſweetneſs of contented home,
Though eating hips, and drinking watry fome.
Thus as they them complained to and fro,
Whil'ſt through the forreſt rechleſs they did go,
Lo where they ſpide how in a gloomy glade
The lion ſleeping lay in ſecret ſhade,
His crown and ſcepter lying him beſide,
And having doft for heat his dreadful hide;
Which when they ſaw, the Ape was ſore afraid,
And would have fled, with terror all diſmaid;
But him the Fox with hardy words did ſtay,
And bad him put all cowardize away,
For now was time (if ever they would hope)
To aide their counſels to the faireſt ſcope,
And them for ever highly to advaunce,
In caſe the good which their own happy chaunce
Them freely offred they would wiſely take.
Scarce could the Ape yet ſpeak, ſo did he quake,

Yet as he could he aſkt how good might grow
Where nought but dread and death do ſeem in ſhow?
Now (ſaid he) whiles the lion ſleepeth ſound,
May we his crown and mace take from the ground,
And eke his ſkin, the terror of the wood,
Where-with we may our ſelves (if we think good)
Make kings of beaſts, and lords of forreſts all,
Subject unto that power imperial.
Ah! but (ſaid th'Ape) who is ſo bold a wretch
That dare his hardy hand to thoſe out-ſtretch,
When as he knows his meed, if he be ſpide,
To be a thouſand deaths, and ſhame beſide?
Fond Ape (ſaid then the Fox) into whoſe breſt
Never crept thought of honour nor brave geſt,
Who will not venture life a king to be,
And rather rule and raign in ſoveraign fee,
Than dwell in duſt inglorious and baſe,
Where none ſhall name the number of his place?
One joyous hour in bliſsful happineſs
I chuſe before a life of wretchedneſs:
Be therefore councelled herein by me,
And ſhake off this vile-hearted cowardree.
If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may colour it with ſome pretext
Of this or that, that may excuſe the crime;
Elſe we may fly; thou to a tree mayſt clime,
And I creep under ground; both from his reach:
Therefore be rul'd to do as I do teach.
The Ape, that earſt did nought but chill and quake,
Now 'gan ſome courage unto him to take,

And was content to attempt that enterpriſe,
Tickled with glory and raſh covetiſe,
But firſt 'gan queſtion whether ſhould aſſay
Thoſe royal ornaments to ſteal away.
Marry that ſhall your ſelf, (quoth he thereto)
For ye be fine and nimble it to do;
Of all the beaſts which in the forreſts be,
Is not a fitter for his turn than ye;
Therefore, mine own dear Brother! take good hart,
And ever think a kingdom is your part.
Loth was the Ape (though praiſed) to adventure,
Yet faintly 'gan into his work to enter,
Afraid of every leaf that ſtirr'd him by,
And every ſtick that underneath did lie:
Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
For making noiſe, and ſtill his ear he lent
To every ſound that under heaven blew;
Now went, now ſtept, now crept, now backward drew,
That it good ſport had been him to have ey'd:
Yet at the laſt (ſo well he him apply'd)
Through his fine handling and his cleanly play,
He all thoſe royal ſigns had ſtoln away,
And with the Fox's help them borne aſide
Into a ſecret corner uneſpide;
Whither whenas they came they fell at words,
Whether of them ſhould be the lord of lords;
For th'Ape was ſtrifeful and ambicious,
And the Fox guileful, and moſt covetous,
That neither pleaſed was to have the rein
Twixt them divided into even twain,

But either (algates) would be lords alone;
For love and lordſhip bide no paragone.
  I am moſt worthy (ſaid the Ape) ſith I
For it did put my life in jeopardy;
There-to I am in perſon and in ſtature
Moſt like a man, the lord of every creature,
So that it ſeemeth I was made to raign,
And born to be a kingly ſoveraign.
  Nay, (ſaid the Fox) Sir Ape, you are aſtray;
For though to ſteal the diadem away
Were the work of your nimble hand, yet I
Did firſt deviſe the plot by policy,
So that it wholly ſpringeth from my wit,
For which alſo I claim my ſelf more fit
Than you to rule; for government of ſtate
Will without wiſdom ſoon be ruinate;
And where ye claim your ſelf for outward ſhape
Moſt like a man, man is not like an Ape
In his chief parts, that is, in wit and ſpirit,
But I therein moſt like to him do merit,
For my ſly wyles and ſubtil craftineſs,
The title of the kingdom to poſſeſs.
Nath'leſs (my Brother) ſince we paſſed are
Unto this point, we will appeaſe our jar,
And I with reaſon meet will reſt content,
That ye ſhall have both crown and government,
Upon condition that ye ruled be
In all affairs, and councelled by me,
And that ye let none other ever draw
Your mind from me, but keep this as a law,

And hereupon an oath unto me plight.
  The Ape was glad to end the ſtrife ſo light,
And there-to ſwore; for who would not oft ſwear,
And oft unſwear, a diadem to bear?
Then freely up thoſe royal ſpoils he took,
Yet at the lion's ſkin he inly quook,
But it diſſembled, and upon his head
The crown, and on his back the ſkin, he did,
And the falſe Fox he helped to array:
Then when he was all dight he took his way
Into the forreſt, that he might be ſeen
Of the wild beaſts in his new glory ſheen.
There the two firſt whom he encountred were
The ſheep and th' aſs, who, ſtriken both with fear
At ſight of him, 'gan faſt away to fly;
But unto them the Fox aloud did cry,
And in the king's name bade them both to ſtay,
Upon the pain that thereof follow may.
Hardly nath'leſs were they reſtrained ſo,
Till that the Fox forth toward them did go,
And there diſſuaded them from needleſs fear,
For that the king did favour to them bear,
And therefore dreadleſs bade them come to court,
For no wild beaſts ſhould do them any torte
There or abroad, ne would his majeſty
Uſe them but well, with gracious clemency,
As whom he knew to him both faſt and true;
So he perſuaded them with homage due
Themſelves to humble to the Ape proſtrate,
Who gently to them bowing in his [illegible],

Received them with chearful entertain.
  Thence, forth proceeding with his princely train,
He ſhortly met the tyger and the boar,
Which with the ſimple camel raged ſore
In bitter words, ſeeking to take occaſion
Upon his fleſhy corps to make invaſion;
But ſoon as they this mock-king did eſpy,
Their troublous ſtrife they ſtinted by and by,
Thinking indeed that it the lion was.
He then, to prove whether his power would paſs
As current, ſent the Fox to them ſtraightway,
Commanding them their cauſe of ſtrife bewray,
And if that wrong on either ſide there were,
That he ſhould warn the wronger to appear
The morrow next at court it to defend,
In the mean time upon the king t' attend.
  The ſubtile Fox ſo well his meſſage ſaid,
That the proud beaſts him readily obey'd;
Whereby the Ape in wondrous ſtomach wox,
Strongly encourag'd by the crafty Fox,
That king indeed himſelf he ſhortly thought,
And all the beaſts him feared as they ought,
And followed unto his palace hie,
Where taking congee, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadful awe,
Full of the feared ſight which late they ſaw.
  The Ape thus ſeized of the regal throne,
Eftſoons, by councel of the Fox alone,
'Gan to provide for all things in aſſurance,
That ſo his [illegible] might longer have endurance.

Firſt to his gate he pointed a ſtrong guard,
That none might enter but with iſſue hard;
Then for the ſafeguard of his perſonage,
He did appoint a warlike equippage
Of forrain beaſts, not in the forreſt bred,
But part by land and part by water fed;
For tyranny is with ſtrange aid ſupported.
Then unto him all monſtrous beaſts reſorted,
Bred of two kinds, as griffons, minotaures,
Crocodiles, dragons, beavers, and centaures:
With thoſe himſelf he ſtrengthned mightily,
That fear he need no force of enemy:
Then 'gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Fox did guide his graceleſs ſkill,
And all wild beaſts made vaſſals of his pleaſures,
And with their ſpoils enlarg'd his private treaſures.
No care of juſtice, nor no rule of reaſon,
No temperance, nor no regard of ſeaſon,
Did thenceforth ever enter in his mind;
But cruelty, the ſign of curriſh kind,
And 'ſdainful pride and wilful arrogaunce;
Such follows thoſe whom Fortune doth advaunce:
But the falſe Fox moſt kindly plaid his part,
For whatſoever mother-wit or art
Could work he put in proof; no practiſe ſly,
No counterpoint of cunning policy,
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the ſame did to his purpoſe wring.
Nought ſuffred he the Ape to give or graunt,
But through his hand alone muſt paſs the fiaunt.

All offices, all leaſes by him lept,
And of them all what-ſo he lik'd he kept.
Juſtice he ſold injuſtice for to buy,
And for to purchace for his progeny.
Ill might it proſper that ill gotten was;
But ſo he got it little did he paſs.
He fed his cubs with fat of all the ſoil,
And with the ſweet of others' ſweating toil;
He crammed them with crums of benefices,
And fill'd their mouths with meeds of malefices;
He cloathed them with all colours ſave white,
And loaded them with lordſhips and with might,
So much as they were able well to bear,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were;
He chaffred chairs in which churchmen were ſet,
And breach of laws to privy farm did let.
No ſtatute ſo eſtabliſhed might be,
Nor ordinance ſo needful, but that he
Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet under colour of the confidence
The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
And reckned him the kingdom's corner-ſtone:
And ever when he ought would bring to paſs,
His long experience the platform was;
And when he ought not pleaſing would put by,
The cloke was care of thrift and huſbandry,
For to encreaſe the common treaſure's ſtore;
But his own treaſure he encreaſed more,
And lifted up his lofty towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour ſky;

The whiles the prince's palaces fell faſt
To ruin; (for what thing can ever laſt?)
And whilſt the other peers for poverty
Were forc't their ancient houſes to let lie,
And their old caſtles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers, famous over all,
Had founded for the kingdom's ornament,
And for their memories' long moniment.
But he no count made of nobility,
Nor the wild beaſts whom arms did glorify,
The realm's chief ſtrength, and girlond of the crown;
All theſe through fained crimes he thruſt adown,
Or made them dwell in darkneſs of diſgrace,
For none but whom he liſt might come in place.
Of men of arms he had but ſmall regard,
But kept them low, and ſtreightned very hard;
For men of learning little he eſteemed;
His wiſdom he above their learning deemed.
As for the raſcal commons, leaſt he cared,
For not ſo common was his bounty ſhared;
Let God, (ſaid he) if pleaſe, care for the many,
I for my ſelf muſt care before elſe any.
So did he good to none, to many ill,
So did he all the kingdom rob and pill,
Yet none durſt ſpeak, nor none durſt of him plain;
So great he was in grace, and rich through gain:
Ne would he any let to have acceſs
Unto the prince but by his own addreſs;
For all that elſe did come were ſure to fail;
Yet would he further none but for avail:

For on a time the ſheep, to whom of yore
The Fox had promiſed of friendſhip ſtore,
What time the Ape the kingdom firſt did gain,
Came to the court, her caſe there to complain,
How that the wolf, her mortal enemy,
Had ſithence ſlain her lamb moſt cruelly,
And therefore crav'd to come unto the king,
To let him know the order of the thing.
Soft, Goody Sheep, (then ſaid the Fox) not ſo;
Unto the king ſo raſh ye may not go;
He is with greater matter buſied
Than a lamb, or the lamb's own mother's hed;
Ne certes may I take it well in part
That ye my couſin wolf ſo foully thwart,
And ſeek with ſlander his good name to blot;
For there was cauſe, elſe do it he would not:
Therefore ſurceaſe, good Dame, and hence depart:
So went the ſheep away with heavy heart;
So many moe, ſo every one was uſed,
That to give largely to the box refuſed.
  Now when high Jove, in whoſe almighty hand
The care of kings and power of empires ſtand,
Sitting one day within his turret hie,
From whence he views with his black-lidded eye,
What-ſo the heaven in his wide vault contains,
And all that in the deepeſt earth remains,
And troubled kingdom of wild beaſts beheld,
Whom not their kindly ſovereign did weld,
But an uſurping Ape with guile ſuborn'd,
Had all ſubverſt, he ſdeignfully it ſcorn'd

In his great heart, and hardly did refrain,
But that with thunderbolts he had him ſlain,
And driven down to hell, his dueſt meed;
But him aviſing, he that dreadful deed
Forbore, and rather choſe with ſcornful ſhame
Him to avenge, and blot his brutiſh name
Unto the world, that never after any
Should of his race be void of infamy;
And his falſe counſellor, the cauſe of all,
To damn to death, or dole perpetual,
From whence he never ſhould be quit nor ſtall'd.
Forth-with he Mercury unto him call'd,
And bade him fly with never-reſting ſpeed
Unto the forreſt, where wild beaſts do breed,
And there enquiring privily, to learn
What did of late chance to the lion ſtearn,
That he rul'd not the empire as he ought?
And whence were all thoſe plaints unto him brought,
Of wrongs and ſpoils by ſalvage beaſts committed?
Which done, he bade the lion be remitted
Into his ſeat, and thoſe ſame treachours vile
Be puniſhed for their preſumptuous guile.
The ſon of Maia, ſoon as he receiv'd
That word, ſtraight with his azure wings he cleav'd
The liquid clouds and lucid firmament,
Ne ſtaid till that he came with ſteep deſcent
Unto the place where his preſcript did ſhow;
There ſtouping like an arrow from a bow,
He ſoft arrived on the graſſie plain,
And fairly paced forth with eaſie pain,

Till that unto the palace nigh he came:
Then 'gan he to himſelf new ſhape to frame,
And that fair face, and that ambroſial hue,
Which wonts to deck the gods' immortal crew,
And beautifie the ſhiny firmament,
He doft, unfit for that rude rabblement.
So ſtanding by the gates in ſtrange diſguize,
He 'gan enquire of ſome, in ſecret wize,
Both of the king and of his government,
And of the Fox, and his falſe blandiſhment;
And evermore he heard each one complain
Of foul abuſes both in realm and raign;
Which yet to prove more true, he meant to ſee,
And an eye-witneſs of each thing to be:
Tho on his head his dreadful hat he dight,
Which maketh him inviſible to ſight,
And mocketh the eyes of all the lookers on,
Making them think it but a viſion.
Thro' power of that he runs thro' enemies ſwerds;
Through power of that he paſſeth through the herds
Of ravenous wild beaſts, and doth beguile
Their greedy mouths of the expected ſpoil;
Through power of that his cunning thieveries
He wonts to work, that none the ſame eſpies;
And through the power of that he putteth on
What ſhape he liſt in apparition.
That on his head he wore, and in his hand
He took Caduceus, his ſnaky wand,
With which the damned ghoſts he governeth,
And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth;

With that he cauſeth ſleep to ſeize the eyes,
And fear the hearts, of all his enemies;
And when him liſt, an univerſal night
Throughout the world he makes on every wight,
As when his ſire with Alcumena lay.
Thus dight, into the court he took his way,
Both through the gard, which never him deſcride,
And through the watchmen, who him never ſpide:
Thence forth he paſt into each ſecret part,
Whereas he ſaw (that ſorely griev'd his hart)
Each place abounding with foul injuries,
And fill'd with treaſure rack'd with robberies;
Each place defil'd with blood of guiltleſs beaſts,
Which had been ſlain to ſerve the Ape's beheaſts:
Gluttony, malice, pride, and covetize,
And lawleſneſs raigning with riotize;
Beſides the infinite extortions
Done through the Fox's great oppreſſions,
That the complaints thereof could not be told:
Which when he did with loathful eyes behold,
He would no more endure, but came his way,
And caſt to ſeek the lion where he may,
That he might work th' avengement for his ſhame
On thoſe two caitives which had bred him blame;
And ſeeking all the foreſt buſily,
At laſt he found where ſleeping he did lie.
The wicked weed, which there the Fox did lay,
From underneath his head he took away,
And then him waking, forced up to riſe.
The lion, looking up, 'gan him avize,

As one late in a trance, what had of long
Become of him, for fantaſie is ſtrong.
Ariſe, (ſaid Mercury) thou ſluggiſh beaſt,
That here lieſt ſenſleſs, like the corpſe deceaſt,
The whilſt thy kingdom from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royal with diſhonour blent;
Ariſe, and do thy ſelf redeem from ſhame,
And be aveng'd on thoſe that breed thy blame.
Thereat enraged, ſoon he 'gan up-ſtart,
Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart,
And rouzing up himſelf, for his rough hide
He 'gan to reach, but no where it eſpide:
There-with he 'gan full terribly to roar,
And chauſt at that indignity right ſore;
But when his crown and ſcepter both he wanted,
Lord how he fum'd, and ſwell'd, and rag'd, and panted,
And threatned death, and thouſand deadly dolours,
To them that had purloin'd his princely honours!
With that in haſte, diſrobed as he was,
He towards his own palace forth did paſs,
And all the way he roared as he went,
That all the forreſt with aſtoniſhment
Thereof did tremble, and the beaſts therein
Fled faſt away from that ſo dreadful din.
At laſt he came unto his manſion,
Where all the gates he found faſt lockt anon,
And many warders round about them ſtood:
With that he roar'd aloud, as he were wood,

That all the palace quaked at the ſtound,
As if it quite were riven from the ground,
And all within were dead and heartleſs left;
And th'Ape himſelf, as one whoſe wits were reft,
Fled here and there, and every corner ſought,
To hide himſelf from his own feared thought:
But the falſe Fox, when he the lion heard,
Fled cloſely forth, ſtraightway of death afear'd,
And to the lion came full lowly creeping,
With fained face, and watry eyn half weeping,
T'excuſe his former treaſon and abuſion,
And turning all unto the Ape's confuſion:
Nath'leſs th' royal beaſt forbore believing,
But bade him ſtay at eaſe till further prieving.
Then when he ſaw no entrance to him graunted,
Roaring yet louder, that all hearts it daunted,
Upon thoſe gates with force he fiercely flew,
And rending them in pieces, felly ſlew
Thoſe warders ſtrange, and all that elſe he met,
But th'Ape ſtill flying, he no where might get;
From room to room, from beam to beam he fled,
All breathleſs, and for fear now almoſt ded:
Yet him at laſt the lion ſpide, and caught,
And forth with ſhame unto his judgment brought.
Then all the beaſts he caus'd aſſembled be,
To hear their doom, and ſad enſample ſee.
The Fox, firſt author of that treachery,
He did uncaſe, and then away let fly;

But th'Ape's long tail (which then he had) he quite
Cut off, and both ears pared of their height;
Since which all apes but half their ears have left,
And of their tails are utterly bereft."

So Mother Hubberd her diſcourſe did end,
Which pardon me if I amiſs have pen'd;
For weak was my remembrance it to hold,
And bad her tongue that it ſo bluntly told.

PROTHALAMION:

OR,

A SPOUSAL VERSE,

IN honour of the double marriage of the two honourable and vertuous ladies, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Lady Catherine Somerſet, daughters to the right honourable the Earl of Worceſter, and eſpouſed to the two worthy gentlemen, Henry Gilford and William Peter, Eſquires.

CALM was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did ſoftly play
A gentle ſpirit, that lightly did allay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did gliſter fair,
When I, whom ſullen care,
Through diſcontent of my long fruitleſs ſtay
In princes' courts, and expectations vain
Of idle hopes, which ſtill do fly away,
Like empty ſhadows, did afflict my brain,
Walk'd forth to eaſe my pain
Along the ſhoar of ſilver ſtreaming Thames,
Whoſe ruſhy bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meads adorn'd with dainty gems,
Fit to deck maidens' bowres,
And crown their paramours
Againſt the bridal-day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run ſoftly till I end my ſong.

There in a meadow by the river's ſide,
A flock of nymphs I chanced to eſpy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greeniſh locks all looſe untide,
As each had been a bride;
And each one had a little wicker baſket,
Made of fine twigs, entrailed curiouſly,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flaſket,
And with fine fingers cropt full feateouſly
The tender ſtalks on hie.
Of every ſort which in that meadow grew
They gather'd ſome; the violet, pallid blue,
The little dazie, that at evening cloſes,
The virgin lillie, and the primroſe true,
With ſtore of vermeil roſes,
To deck their bridegroom's poſies
Againſt the bridal-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run ſoftly till I end my ſong.

With that I ſaw two ſwans of goodly hue
Come ſoftly ſwimming down along the lee;
Two fairer birds I yet did never ſee;
The ſnow which does the top of Pindus ſtrew
Did never whiter ſhew,
Nor Jove himſelf, when he a ſwan would be,
For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
For Leda was (they ſay) as white as he,
Yet not ſo white as theſe, nor nothing near;
So purely white they were,

That even the gentle ſtream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foul to them, and bad his billows ſpare
To wet their ſilken feathers, leſt they might
Soyl their fair plumes with water not ſo fair,
And mar their beauties bright,
That ſhone as heaven's light,
Againſt their bridal-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run ſoftly till I end my ſong.

Eftſoons the nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haſte to ſee that ſilver brood,
As they came floting on the cryſtal flood;
Whom when they ſaw, they ſtood amazed ſtill,
Their wondring eyes to fill;
Them ſeem'd they never ſaw a ſight ſo fair,
Of fowls ſo lovely, that they ſure did deem
Them heavenly born, or to be that ſame pair
Which through the ſky draw Venus' ſilver teem;
For ſure they did not ſeem
To be begot of any earthly ſeed,
But rather angels, or of angels' breed;
Yet were they bred of ſummer's-heat, they ſay,
In ſweeteſt ſeaſon, when each flower and weed
The earth did freſh array;
So freſh they ſeem'd as day,
Even as their bridal-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run ſoftly till I end my ſong.

Then forth they all out of their baſkets drew
Great ſtore of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the ſenſe did fragrant odours yield,

All which upon thoſe goodly birds they threw,
And all the waves did ſtrew,
That like old Peneus' waters they did ſeem,
When down along by pleaſant Tempe's ſhore,
Scatter'd with flowers, through Theſſaly they ſtreem,
That they appear, through lillies' plentious ſtore,
Like a bride's chamber-flore.
Two of thoſe nymphs, mean-while, two garlands bound
Of freſheſt flowers which in that mead they found,
The which preſenting all in trim array,
Their ſnowy foreheads therewithal they crown'd,
Whilſt one did ſing this lay,
Prepar'd againſt that day,
Againſt that bridal-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run ſoftly till I end my ſong.

“ Ye gentle Birds! the world's fair ornament,
“ And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
“ Doth lead unto your lovers' bliſsful bower,
“ Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content
“ Of your love's complement;
“ And let fair Venus, that is queen of Love,
“ With her heart-quelling ſon upon you ſmile,
“ Whoſe ſmile they ſay hath vertue to remove
“ All love's diſlike, and friendſhip's faulty guile
“ For ever to aſſoil.
“ Let endleſs peace your ſtedfaſt hearts accord,
“ And bleſſed plenty wait upon your bord;
“ And let your bed with pleaſures chaſte abound,
“ That fruitful iſſue may to you afford,

"Which may your foes confound,
"And make your joys redound
"Upon your bridal-day, which is not ſong;
"Sweet Thames! run ſoftly till I end my ſong."

So ended ſhe, and all the reſt around
To her redoubled that her underſong,
Which ſaid their bridal-day ſhould not be long,
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground
Their accents did reſound.
So forth thoſe joyous birds did paſs along
Adown the lee, that to them murmur'd low,
As he would ſpeak, but that he lackt a tong,
Yet did by ſigns his glad affection ſhow,
Making his ſtream run ſlow;
And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
'Gan flock about theſe twain, that did excell
The reſt ſo far as Cynthia doth ſhend
The leſſer ſtars. So they enranged well
Did on thoſe two attend,
And their beſt ſervice lend
Againſt their wedding-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run ſoftly till I end my ſong.

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my moſt kindly nurſe,
That to me gave this life's firſt native ſourſe,
Though from another place I take my name,
An houſe of antient fame:

There when they came, whereas thoſe bricky towres
The which on Thames' brode aged back do ride,
Where now the ſtudious lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to bide,
Till they decay'd through pride;
Next whereunto there ſtands a ſtately place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great lord which therein wont to dwell,
Whoſe want too well now feels my friendleſs caſe;
But ah! here fits not well
Old woes, but joys, to tell
Againſt the bridal-day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run ſoftly till I end my ſong.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
Whoſe dreadful name late thro' all Spain did thunder,
And Hercules' two Pillars ſtanding near
Did make to quake and fear:
Fair branch of honour, flower of chevalry!
That filleſt England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
And endleſs happineſs of thine own name
That promiſeth the ſame;
That through thy proweſs and victorious arms
Thy countrey may be freed from foreign harms,
And great Eliza's glorious name may ring
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide alarms,
Which ſome brave Muſe may ſing
To ages following,

Upon the bridal-day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run foftly till I end my fong.

From thofe high towers this noble lord iffuing,
Like radiant Hefper, when his golden hair
In th' ocean billows he hath bathed fair,
Defcended to the river's open viewing,
With a great train enfuing.
Above the reft were goodly to be feen
Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,
Befeeming well the bowre of any queen,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for fo goodly ftature,
That like the Twins of Jove they feem'd in fight,
Which deck the bauldrick of the heaven's bright;
They two forth paffing to the river's-fide,
Receiv'd thofe two fair brides, their loves' delight,
Which at th' appointed tide
Each one did make his bride
Againft their bridal-day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run foftly till I end my fong.

EPITHALAMION.

Ye learned Siſters! which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rimes,
That ev'n the greateſt did not greatly ſcorn
To hear their names ſung in your ſimple layes,
But joyed in their praiſe;
And when ye liſt your own miſhap to mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck, did raiſe,
Your ſtring could ſoon to ſadder tenour turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment;
Now lay thoſe ſorrowful complaints aſide,
And having all your heads with girlands crown'd,
Help me mine own love's praiſes to reſound,
Ne let the ſame of any be envide:
So Orpheus did for his own bride;
So I unto my ſelf alone will ſing,
The woods ſhall to me anſwer, and my eccho ring.

Early before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth ſpred,
Having diſperſt the night's unchearful damp,
Do ye awake, and with freſh luſtihed,
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
My trueſt turtle-dove,
Bid her awake, for Hymen is awake,
And long ſince ready forth his maſk to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,

And many a batchelor to wait on him,
In their freſh garments trim;
Bid her awake therefore, and ſoon her dight,
For she the wiſhed day is come at laſt,
That ſhall for all the pains and ſorrows paſt
Pay to her uſury of long delight;
And whilſt ſhe doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and ſolace ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear,
Both of the rivers and the foreſts green,
And of the ſea that neighbours to her near,
All with gay girlands goodly well beſeen;
And let them alſo with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my fair love, of lillies and of roſes,
Bound true-love wiſe with a blue ſilk riband;
And let them make great ſtore of bridal poſes,
And let them eke bring ſtore of other flowers
To deck the bridal bowers;
And let the ground whereas her foot ſhall tread,
For fear the ſtones her tender foot ſhould wrong,
Be ſtrew'd with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred like the diſcoloured mead:
Which done, do at her chamber-door await,
For ſhe will waken ſtrait;
The whiles do ye this ſong unto her ſing,
The woods ſhall to you anſwer, and your eccho ring.

"Ye Nymphs of Mulla, which with careful heed
The ſilver ſcaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which uſe therein to feed,
(Thoſe trouts and pikes all others do excel)
And ye likewiſe which keep the ruſhie lake,
Where none do fiſhes take,
Bind up the locks the which hang ſcattred light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the cryſtal bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemiſh ſhe may ſpie.
And eke, ye lightfoot Maids! which keep the door,
That on the hoary mountain uſe to towre,
And the wild wolves which ſeek them to devour,
Which your ſteel darts do chace from coming near,
Be alſo preſent here
To help to deck her, and to help to ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

Wake now, my Love! awake, for it is time;
The roſie Morn long ſince left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her ſilver coach to clime,
And Phœbus 'gins to ſhew his glorious head.
Hark how the chearful birds do chaunt their layes,
And carrol of Love's praiſe.
The merry lark her mattins ſings aloft,
The thruſh replies, the mavis deſcant plays,
The ouzel ſhrills, the ruddock warbles ſoft;
So goodly all agree, with ſweet conſent,
To this day's merriment.

Ah! my dear Love! why do ye ſleep thus long,
When meeter were that ye ſhould now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the bird's love-learned ſong,
The dewie leaves among?
For they of joy and pleaſance to you ſing,
That all the woods them anſwer, and their ecchoring.

My love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like ſtars that dimmed were
With darkſome cloud, now ſhew their goodly beams,
More bright than Heſperus his head doth rere.
Come now, ye Damſels! daughters of Delight,
Help quickly her to dight;
But firſt come, ye fair Houres! which were begot
In Jove's ſweet paradiſe of day and night,
Which do the ſeaſons of the year allot,
And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and ſtill repair:
And ye three Handmaids of the Cyprian queen,
The which do ſtill adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifulleſt bride,
And as ye her array, ſtill throw between
Some graces to be ſeen;
And as ye uſe to Venus, to her ſing,
The whiles the woods ſhall anſwer, and your ecchoring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye freſh Boys that tend upon her groom,
Prepare your ſelves, for he is coming ſtrait:

Set all your things in ſeemly good array,
Fit for ſo joyful day,
The joyfulſt day that even ſun did ſee.
Fair Sun! ſhew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy life-ful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her ſun-ſhiny face,
Her beauty to diſgrace.
O faireſt Phœbus! father of the Muſe,
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or ſing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Do not thy ſervant's ſimple boon refuſe,
But let this day, let this one day be mine,
Let all the reſt be thine:
Then I thy ſoveraign praiſes loud will ſing,
That all the woods ſhall anſwer, and their echo ring.

Hark how the minſtrils 'gin to ſhrill aloud
Their merry muſick that reſounds from far,
The pipe, the taber, and the trembling croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar:
But moſt of all the damzels do delite
When they their timbrels ſmite,
And thereunto do daunce and carrol ſweet,
That all the ſenſes they do raviſh quite;
The whiles the boys run up and down the ſtreet,
Crying aloud with ſtrong confuſed noiſe,
As if it were one voice,
Hymen, Iö Hymen, Hymen they do ſhout,
That even to the heavens their ſhouting ſhrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;

To which the people ſtanding all about,
As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud,
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen ſing,
That all the woods them anſwer, and their eccho ring.

Loe where ſhe comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the Eaſt,
Ariſing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that ſeems a virgin beſt:
So well it her beſeems, that ye would ween
Some angel ſhe had been:
Her long looſe yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and perling flowres atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire,
And being crowned with a girland green,
Seem like ſome maiden queen.
Her modeſt eyes, abaſhed to behold
So many gazers as on her do ſtare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are,
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But bluſh to hear her praiſes ſung ſo loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathleſs do ye ſtill loud her praiſes ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' Daughters! did ye ſee
So fair a creature in your town before,
So ſweet, ſo lovely, and ſo mild as ſhe,
Adorn'd with beauty's grace and vertue's ſtore?

Her goodly eyes like ſaphires ſhining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the ſun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries, charming men to bite,
Her breſt like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
Her paps like lillies budded,
Her ſnowy neck like to a marble towre,
And all her body like a palace fair,
Aſcending up with many a ſtately ſtair
To Honour's ſeat, and Chaſtity's ſweet bowre.
Why ſtand ye ſtill, ye Virgins! in amaze,
Upon her ſo to gaze;
Whiles ye forget your former lay to ſing,
To which the woods did anſwer, and your eccho ring.

But if ye ſaw that which no eyes can ſee,
The inward beauty of her lively ſpright,
Garniſh'd with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that ſight,
And ſtand aſtoniſh'd like to thoſe which red
Meduſa's mazeful head.
There dwells ſweet Love and conſtant Chaſtity,
Unſpotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modeſty;
There Vertue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the baſe affections do obey,
And yield their ſervices unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach, to tempt her mind to ill.

Had ye once ſeen theſe her celeſtial treaſures,
And unrevealed pleaſures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praiſes ſing,
That all the woods ſhould anſwer, and your eccho ring.

Open the temple-gates unto my love,
Open them wide, that ſhe may enter in,
And all the poſts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillors deck with girlands trim,
For to receive this ſaint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling ſteps and humble reverence
She cometh in before th' Almighty's view;
Of her, ye Virgins! learn obedience.
Whenſo ye come into thoſe holy places,
To humble your proud faces,
Bring her up to th' high altar, that ſhe may
The ſacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endleſs matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praiſes of the Lord in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throats
The choriſters the joyous anthem ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and their eccho ring.

Behold, whiles ſhe before the altar ſtands,
Hearing the holy prieſt that to her ſpeaks,
And bleſſes her with his two happy hands,
How the red roſes fluſh up in her cheeks!

And the pure ſnow, with goodly vermil ſtain,
Like crimſin dy'd in grain,
That even the angels, which continually
About the ſacred altar do remain,
Forget their ſervice, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that ſeems more fair
The more they on it ſtare:
But her ſad eyes, ſtill faſtned on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modeſty,
That ſuffers not one look to glannce away,
Which may let in a little thought unſound.
Why bluſh ye, Love! to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing ye, ſweet angels! Alleluya ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

Now all is done; bring home the bride again,
Bring home the triumph of our victory;
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
With joyance bring her, and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom Heaven would heap with bliſs.
Make feaſt, therefore, now all this live-long day,
This day for ever to me holy is;
Pour out the wine without reſtraint or ſtay,
Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full;
Pour out to all that wull,
And ſprinkle all the poſts and walls with wine,
That they may ſweat and drunken be withal:
Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,

And Hymen alſo crown with wreaths of vine,
And let the Graces daunce unto the reſt,
For they can do it beſt,
The whiles the maidens do their carol ſing,
To which the woods ſhall anſwer, and their eccho ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
And leave your wonted labours for this day;
This day is holy; do you write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may:
This day the ſun is in his chiefeſt height,
With Barnaby the bright;
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He ſomewhat loſeth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he ſees:
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chuſe the longeſt day in all the year,
And ſhorteſt night, when longeſt fitter were;
Yet never day ſo long but late would paſs.
Ring ye the bells to make it wear away,
And bonefires make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my love?
How ſlowly do the hours their numbers ſpend!
How ſlowly doth ſad Time his feathers move?
Haſte thee, O faireſt Planet! to thy home,
Within the weſtern foame;

Thy tyred ſteeds long ſince have need of reſt.
Long tho it be, at laſt I ſee it gloom,
And the bright evening-ſtar, with golden creſt,
Appear out of the eaſt.
Fair child of Beauty, glorious lamp of Love,
That all the hoſt of heaven in ranks dooſt lead,
And guideſt lovers through the night's ſad dread,
How chearfully thou lookeſt from above,
And ſeem'ſt to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
As joying in the ſight
Of theſe glad many, which for joy do ſing,
That all the woods them anſwer,and their eccho ring."

Now ceaſe, ye Damſels! your delights forepaſt,
Enough it is that all the day was yours;
Now day is done, and night is nighing faſt,
Now bring the bride into the bridal bowres;
Now night is come, now ſoon her diſarray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And ſilken curtains over her diſplay,
And odour'd ſheets, and arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,
In proud humility;
Like unto Maia, whenas Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowrie graſs,
'Twixt ſleep and wake, after ſhe weary was
With bathing in the Acidalian brook:
Now it is night, ye Damſels may be gone,
And leave my love alone,

And leave likewiſe your former lay to ſing;
The woods no more ſhall anſwer, nor your eccho ring.

Now welcome night, thou night ſo long expected,
That long day's labour doth at laſt defray,
And all my cares, which cruel Love collected,
Haſt ſumm'd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us ſee,
And in thy ſable mantle us enwrap,
From fear of peril, and foul horror free;
Let no falſe treaſon ſeek us to entrap,
Nor any drad diſquiet once annoy
The ſafety of our joy;
But let the night be calm and quietſome,
Without tempeſtuous ſtorms or ſad affray,
Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groom;
Or like as when he with thy ſelf did lie,
And begot Majeſty;
And let the maids and young men ceaſe to ſing;
Ne let the woods them anſwer, nor their eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cries nor doleful tears
Be heard all night within, nor yet without;
Ne let falſe whiſpers, breeding hidden fears,
Break gentle ſleep with miſconceived doubt:
Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful ſights,
Make ſudden ſad affrights;

Ne let houſe-fires, nor lightnings, helpleſs harms,
Ne let the ponk, nor other evil ſprights,
Ne let miſchievous witches with their charms,
Ne let hob-goblins, names whoſe ſenſe we ſee not,
Fray us with things that be not:
Let not the ſkriech-owl nor the ſtork be heard,
Nor the night-raven, that ſtill deadly yells,
Nor damned ghoſts, call'd up with mighty ſpells,
Nor grieſly vultures, make us once affeard:
Ne let th' unpleaſant quire of frogs ſtill croking
Make us to wiſh their choking:
Let none of theſe their drery accents ſing,
Ne let the woods them anſwer, nor their eccho ring:

But let ſtill Silence true night-watches keep,
That ſacred Peace may in aſſurance reign,
And timely Sleep, when it is time to ſleep,
May pour his limbs forth on your pleaſant plain;
The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the ſecret dark, that none reproves,
Their pretty ſtealths ſhall work, and ſnares ſhall ſpread,
To filch away ſweet ſnatches of delight,
Conceal'd through covert night.
Ye ſons of Venus! play your ſports at will,
For greedy Pleaſure, careleſs of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her paradiſe of joyes
Than what ye do, all be it good or ill.

All night, therefore, attend your merry play,
For it will ſoon be day:
Now none doth hinder you that ſay or ſing,
Ne will the woods now anſwer, nor your eccho ring.

Who is the ſame which at my window peeps?
Or whoſe is that fair face which ſhines ſo bright?
Is it not Cynthia, ſhe that never ſleeps,
But walks about high heaven all the night?
O! faireſt Goddeſs! do thou not envy
My love with me to ſpy;
For thou likewiſe didſt love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wool which privily
The Latmian ſhepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleaſures with thee wrought:
Therefore to us be favourable now,
And ſith of womens labours thou haſt charge,
And generation goodly dooſt enlarge,
Encline thy will t' effect our wiſhful vow,
And the chaſte womb inform with timely ſeed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we ceaſe our hopeful hap to ſing,
Ne let the woods us anſwer, nor our eccho ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with aweful might
The laws of wedlock ſtill dooſt patronize,
And the religion of the faith firſt plight,
With ſacred rites haſt taught to ſolemnize,
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their ſmart,

Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy bleſſings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius! in whoſe gentle hand
The bridale bowre and genial bed remain,
Without blemiſh or ſtain,
And the ſweet pleaſures of their love's delight
With ſecret aid dooſt ſuccour and ſupply,
Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny,
Send us the timely fruit of this ſame night.
And thou, fair Hebe! and thou, Hymen! free,
Grant that it ſo may be.
Till which we ceaſe your further praiſe to ſing,
Ne any woods ſhall anſwer, nor your eccho ring.

And ye, high Heavens! the temple of the gods,
In which a thouſand torches flaming bright
Do burn, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darkneſs lend deſired light;
And all ye Powers which in the ſame remain,
More than we men can feign,
Pour out your bleſſing on us plenteouſly,
And happy influence upon us rain,
That we may raiſe a large poſterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long poſſeſs
With laſting happineſs,
Up to your haughty palaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of their glorious merit
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of bleſſed ſaints for to increaſe the count:
So let us reſt, ſweet Love! in hope of this

And ceaſe till then our timely joys to ſing,
The woods no more us anſwer, nor our eccho ring.

Song made in lieu of many ornaments
With which my love ſhould duly have been deckt,
Which cutting off through haſty accidents,
Ye would not ſtay your due time to expect,
But promis'd both to recompence,
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for ſhort time an endleſs monument.

In youth, before I wexed old,
The blinded boy, Venus' baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hive to grope for honey;
But when he ſaw me ſtung and cry,
He took wing and away did fly.

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chanc'd to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head:
One of his ſhafts ſhe ſtole away,
And one of her's did cloſe convey
Into the other's ſtead:
With that Love wounded my love's heart,
But Diane beaſts with Cupid's dart.

I saw in ſecret to my dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And ſaid to her, All hail, my Mother:
But when he ſaw me laugh, for ſhame
His face with baſhful blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
Then never bluſh, Cupid, quoth I,
For many have err'd in this beauty.

Upon a day, as Love lay ſweetly ſlumbring
All in his mother's lap,
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
About him flew by hap;
Whereof when he was wakened with the noiſe,
And ſaw the beaſt ſo ſmall,
What's this (quoth he) that gives ſo weak a voice,
That wakens men withall?
In angry wiſe he flies about,
And threatens all with courage ſtout:

To whom his mother cloſely, ſmiling, ſaid,
'Twixt earneſt and 'twixt game,
See thou thy ſelf likewiſe art little made,
If thou regard the ſame;
And yet thou ſuffereſt neither gods in ſky,
Nor men in earth to reſt,
But when thou art diſpoſed cruelly,
Their ſleep thou doſt moleſt:
Then either change thy cruelty,
Or give like leave unto the fly.

Nath'leſs the cruel boy, not ſo content,
Would needs the fly purſue,
And in his hand with heedleſs hardiment
Him caught for to ſubdue;
But when on it he haſty hand did lay,
The bee him ſtung therefore:
Now out, alas! he cride, and wele-away!
I wounded am full ſore;

The fly that I ſo much did ſcorn
Hath hurt me with his little horn.

Unto his mother ſtraight he weeping came,
And of his grief complain'd,
Who could not chuſe but laugh at his fond game,
Though ſad to ſee him pain'd.
Think now (quoth ſhe) my Son, how great the ſmart
Of thoſe whom thou dooſt wound;
Full many thou haſt pricked to the heart,
That pity never found:
Therefore henceforth ſome pity take,
When thou doſt ſpoil of lovers make.

She took him ſtraight full piteouſly lamenting,
And wrapt him in her ſmock;
She wrapt him ſoftly, all the while repenting
That he the fly did mock:
She dreſt his wound, and it embalmed well
With ſalve of ſoveraign might,
And then ſhe bath'd him in a dainty well,
The well of dear Delight.
Who would not oft be ſtung as this,
To be ſo bath'd in Venus' bliſs?

The wanton boy was ſhortly well recur'd
Of that his malady;
But he, ſoon after, freſh again enur'd
His former cruelty:

And ſince that time he wounded hath my ſelf
With his ſharp dart of love,
And now forgets the cruel careleſs elf
His mother's heaſt to prove:
So now I languiſh till he pleaſe
My pining anguiſh to appeaſe.

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